

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

1/

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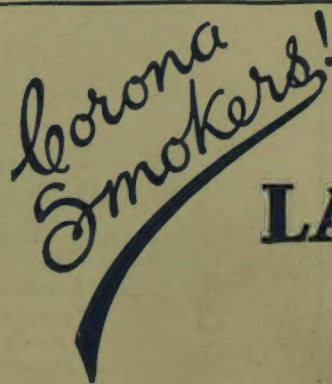
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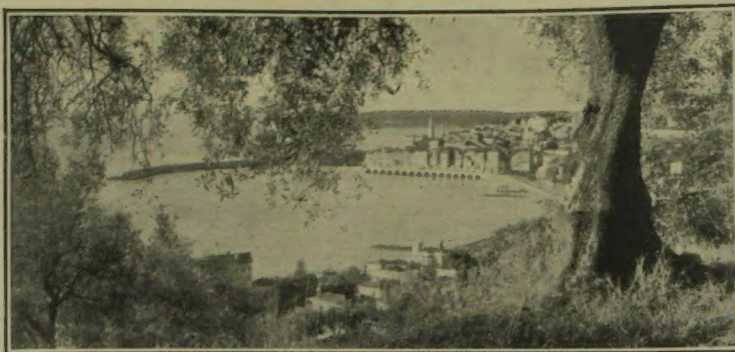
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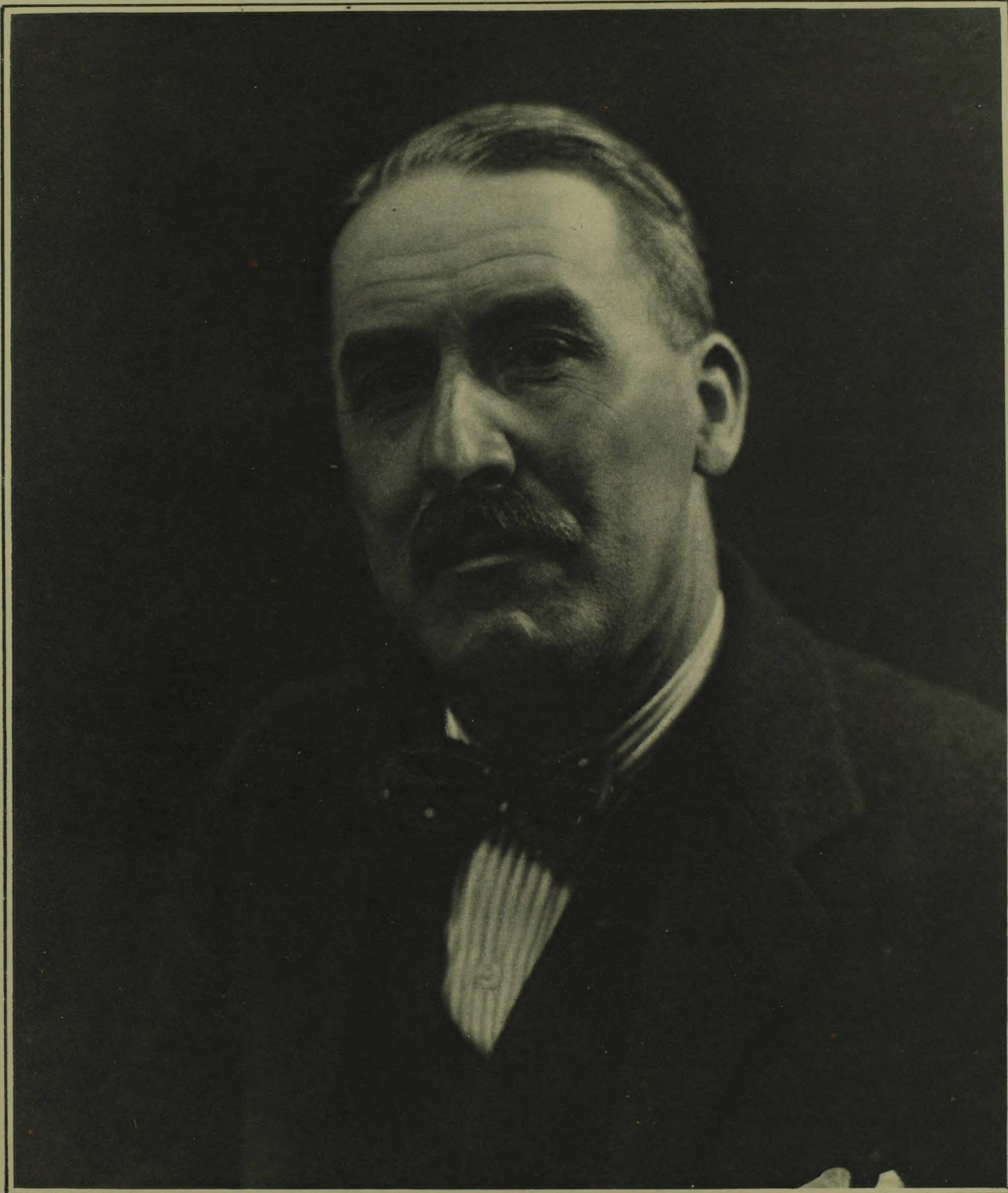
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1923.

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THE MAN WHO WILL BE THE FIRST TO SEE TUTANKHAMEN WHEN HIS TOMB IS OPENED: MR. HOWARD CARTER, SHORTLY TO LECTURE IN LONDON ON HIS GREAT EGYPTIAN DISCOVERY.

Interest in the treasures of Tutankhamen's tomb, of which we give new and wonderful photographs in this number, has been revived by the announcement of the lectures shortly to be given in London by Mr. Howard Carter, joint discoverer of the tomb with the late Earl of Carnarvon. Mr. Carter is to lecture on "The Tomb of Tutankhamen" at the New Oxford Theatre on the afternoons of September 25 and 28, aided by lantern slides and a short cinematograph film never before

shown. On September 10 he lectured on the subject before the Royal Scottish Geographical Society at Edinburgh. He mentioned that some 600 objects had been removed from the ante-chamber, but they were only a quarter of the total treasure in the tomb. The clearing of the annexe, sepulchral chamber, and inner store chamber would take two or more years. In the coming winter the royal mummy in the sarcophagus would be examined. He believed they would find the King intact.

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. J. MORTIMER.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A CRITIC asked the other day, with some solemnity, what is the present standing of Robert Louis Stevenson. It may seem to come very near to asking "Stands Scotland where she did?" to ask so positively "Stands Stevenson where he did?" But in that aspect the question may appear allowable—at any rate to those who are not Scots. If Stevenson had never been anything else but a figure in that fashion of Scottish literature that swept across England in my boyhood, he might very well have come in with it and gone out with it. There were those who called it the Kailyard school; and there are some who would say that it is now rather cauld kail. One man of unmistakable and even unanswerable genius still remains as a survival of it, Sir James Barrie. But deeper things preserve the genius of Barrie and also the genius of Stevenson.

We are constantly coming to a turning in the road where great objects just behind us are out of sight. We are also constantly falling into the blunder of supposing that because they are invisible they are insignificant. It would seem as if we are now at the moment when men cannot quite see the point of Stevenson. But it is so much the worse for them and not for him. It is a curious fact that one of the very best critics we have, Mr. Freeman, writing in one of the very best critical organs we have, the *London Mercury*, wrote a criticism of Stevenson that made me almost doubt whether he had ever opened one of Stevenson's books. He began by saying, and in a sense ended by saying, that the explanation of Robert Louis Stevenson was to be found in Edgar Allan Poe. He implied that Stevenson was a sort of shadow of Poe or the voice of Stevenson an echo of the voice of Poe. I confess I can hardly imagine a stranger or more puzzling parallel. I leave aside, in deference to such æsthetic critics, everything except æsthetic criticism. I say nothing of secondary matters like morality and philosophy and a whole outlook on life. I toss aside such trifles as belief, doubt, despair, pessimism, piety, faith, hope, and charity. Considering art simply as a method of calling up certain visions or adumbrating certain atmospheres, it seems to me that no two great artists could possibly be more unlike each other than Stevenson and Poe. The atmospheres they tried to create were quite opposite; the technical tricks by which they tried to create them were quite opposite. It was the purpose of Poe to suggest not merely horror but hopelessness. It was the whole point of Stevenson that he never did suggest hopelessness even when he suggested horror. Or, to put the matter another way, he always suggested a fight, even when it was a hopeless fight. The two brothers of the house of Durrissdeer go down fighting to the last. The people of the house of Ussher never begin fighting even from the first. I find it difficult to believe, even in face of the text, that Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde will not go on fighting, if it were only fighting in hell. But when the other gentleman had his rather one-sided conversation with the raven, that raven did not croak over a battlefield.

As I have said, I did not mean merely the matter of moral atmosphere, but of purely artistic atmosphere. Stevenson's technical method is lean, wiry, taut, and alert. If he seems too much to be picking his words, to be watchful of his style, it is because he is above all things very wide-awake. It is the whole point and pleasure and beauty of the poetry of Poe that he is half-asleep. Consider those dreamy melodies, those drowsy repetitions, like everlasting echoes of an endless snore. And compare them with the short-lined, sharply worded verses of "R. L. S.," generally rather too bald and angular to be quite good poetry. Poe was above all things

luxuriant. He loved, in the literal sense of the phrase, the luxury of woe. He was at home on rich but sombre cushions "that the lamp-light gloated o'er"; but it was not only the lamp-light that gloated. I defy anyone to find one sentence in all the collected works of Robert Louis Stevenson in which it can be said that he gloated. It might be said that he sometimes tasted too fastidiously or that he sometimes snapped up too sharply. But he never wallowed in purple seas of woe; and it was the whole point of Poe that the seas were infinite and unfathomable. Poe's people are not people who have been made unhappy, like Henry Durie or Robert Herrick, or who have made themselves unhappy, like Dr. Jekyll or

of the other writer's dark libraries and dim corridors. The things that Stevenson liked were things like the chip of hard wood hacked out of the wooden sign of the Admiral Ben Bow by the cutlass of Billy Bones the buccaneer. They were things like the crutch of the horrible cripple, that went flashing in the tropical sun sped on its errand of death. In short, the things he loved were almost always solid and were generally self-evident in the sun. Even when they were not, as in the duel scene of "The Master of Ballantrae," the starlight seems as hard as the steel and the candle-flames as steady as the swords. Surely nothing could have so little of the dark halls and drowsy odours in which the brain of the other heroes brilliantly decayed.

Stevenson afterwards regretted the exaggeration which had made Mrs. Durie wipe the sword-blade by driving it into the frozen soil. But it was a truly Stevensonian exaggeration, for it was an exaggeration of what was hard and acute. He was always working with a sharp blade on a hard ground.

This fact appears in his real failure as well as his real success. Where he failed, as compared with the great Victorian novelists, was in being too severe with himself and with his characters. He described a character in a few strokes where the Victorians described him in a hundred little touches. The strokes were artistically exactly right—almost too right. For while the few strokes only give the impression of being right, the many touches give the impression of being real. Long John Silver's crutch always comes in at the right moment, and is almost too solid to be true. The Colonel's bamboo cane comes in quite casually in Thackeray's novel, and we cannot remember how many times it has been mentioned; but we are all the more sure that there really was a cane and that there really was a Colonel. There is no gossip about Stevenson's characters as there is about Thackeray's characters. There is no overflowing of trivial things, or, better still, of irrelevant things. There is no halo of hearsay or indirect impressions. Stevenson was relentlessly relevant; he limited himself to words so perfect and so few that his figures were really too clear to be convincing. He knew this well himself, being an admirable critic.

On the moral side the meaning of his position seems also to be entirely missed. Yet it is symbolised in the same imagery of sunbeams and sword-blades. Death in Stevenson is brighter than life in Poe. And the point of his position in history is that he came at the precise moment when he could resist a pessimistic spirit, even in accepting parts of a pessimistic philosophy. Living in that Victorian phase, he accepted the struggle for life as described in terms of natural selection; but declared himself ready to enjoy the struggle like a struggle of pirates and picturesque sailors. When opinion was passing through its most depressing phase, Stevenson, like the men who did not differ except in opinions, refused altogether to despair except in opinion. He resolved to

keep the mood militant and sanguine whatever the theories might be. That fine essay, "Pulvis et Umbra," which was so much misunderstood, was truly the defiance of an optimistic man to a pessimistic world, even if it were a pessimistic universe. I am the last person alive to think it a true and complete view of the universe. But, in order to appreciate it, one must appreciate the period through which the world was passing—the decadent darkness of the 'nineties. I for one remember it very well, for it surrounded my boyhood and early youth, and my first literary impulse was to fight against it. But there are many of my own age to testify with me that they would hardly have been able to fight against it, or even live through it, but for the spirit and the genius of Robert Louis Stevenson.



A LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER'S GREAT SAILING FEAT: M. ALAIN GERBAULT ABOARD HIS LITTLE YACHT, THE "FIRECREST," IN WHICH HE RECENTLY CROSSED THE ATLANTIC ALONE IN 102 DAYS.

M. Alain Gerbault, a well-known French lawn-tennis player who has frequently partnered Mlle. Lenglen, recently accomplished the wonderful feat of crossing the Atlantic alone in his 33-ft. cutter-yacht, the "Firecrest." He sailed from Cannes on April 5, and made Gibraltar (800 miles) in 24 days. Leaving Gibraltar on June 6, he reached New York (3209 miles) in 102 days. On the way he weathered several hurricanes, developed a fever, and was unconscious for two days, during which, as he says, Providence guided his craft. He intends to visit the South Sea Islands and sail round the world in another boat of the same size. M. Gerbault, who is 28, was an airman in the war, and brought down seven German machines.—[Photograph by Marcel Le Noir.]

Markheim; they are people who never could conceivably have been happy. They are unhappy before they are unfortunate. They are tragic before their tragedy begins. With Poe the mood was the fundamental thing; and it was a mood of incurable melancholy. It was, of course, the essence of the Stevensonian spirit that the melancholy was not incurable even if the misfortune was incurable.

But I am not speaking for the moment of such ethical motives, but merely of artistic methods and artistic effects. And this vigilance and alertness and spirit of choice is in the very style of Stevenson. It is also in the very imagery of Stevenson. He loved above all things what was clean-cut and clearly coloured; nothing could be less like the magnificent monochrome

THE ARMY TAKES CONTROL IN SPAIN: A MILITARY DIRECTORATE.

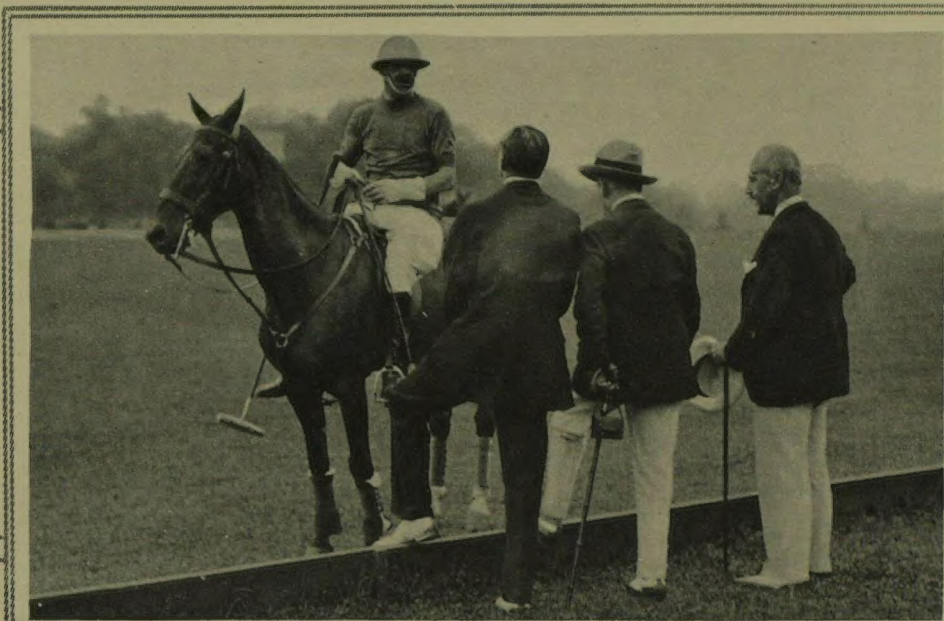
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REVOLUTIONARY LEADER AND PRESIDENT OF THE MILITARY DIRECTORATE: GENERAL PRIMO DE RIVERA (CENTRE).



THE PROCLAMATION OF MARTIAL LAW BEING READ IN THE STREETS OF MADRID BY A MILITARY MARSHAL: A SEQUEL TO THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A MILITARY DIRECTORATE IN SPAIN.



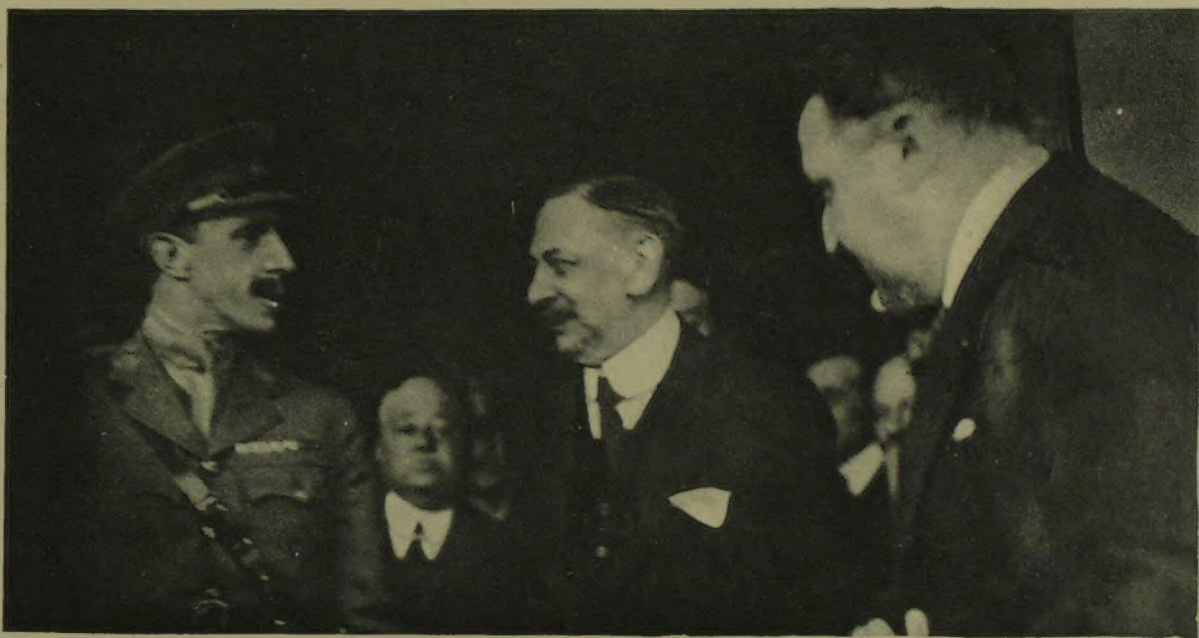
ON THE POLO GROUND AT BIARRITZ, WHERE HE RECEIVED THE NEWS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT: KING ALFONSO (ON HIS POLO PONY) TALKING TO FRIENDS BETWEEN THE CHUKKAS.



REPORTED TO HAVE FLED TO FRANCE TO ESCAPE ARREST: DON SANTIAGO ALBA. LATE FOREIGN MINISTER OF SPAIN.



THE MARQUIS DE ALHUCEMAS LEAVING THE PALACE AFTER HIS RESIGNATION.



THE KING AND THE FALLEN PREMIER DURING THE CRISIS: KING ALFONSO (LEFT) WITH THE MARQUIS DE ALHUCEMAS (CENTRE) LEAVING THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

Spain has just experienced a revolutionary movement somewhat analogous to that of the Fascisti in Italy, except that it was conducted by the regular Army and not by a political organisation. On September 14 it was announced that the discontent in the Spanish Army over the Government's war policy in Morocco had come to a head at Barcelona, where the Captain-General of Catalonia, General Don Miguel Primo de Rivera, Marquis de Estella, proclaimed martial law, assumed control of communications, and invited the King to dismiss the Liberal Cabinet, which had taken office only ten days before, after the Premier, the Marquis de

Alhucemas, had reconstructed it. The Marquis de Estella issued a manifesto, directed mainly against the Premier and the Foreign Minister, Don Santiago Alba, who, it stated, would be indicted. He was reported to have taken refuge in France. On the 16th, the Marquis de Estella arrived in Madrid, where King Alfonso, who had hurried to the capital, appointed him President of a Military Directorate, with powers as sole chief of the Administration. The Marquis then took the oath of allegiance to the King. On September 17, martial law was declared throughout the country.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: ILLUSTRATIONS OF RECENT EVENTS AND MATTERS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, C.N., SPORT AND GENERAL, AND THE "TIMES."

THAT OF THE SUBMARINE DOCK BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. COX AND DANKS.



RECENTLY TAKEN ILL WITH TYPHOID FEVER: PRINCESS MAFALDA, SECOND DAUGHTER OF THE KING OF ITALY.



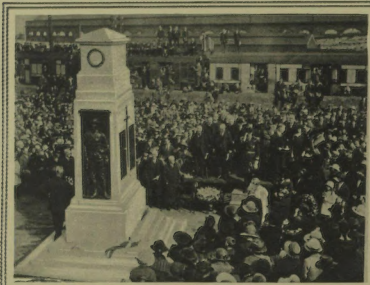
AS IT WAS BEFORE THE DISASTER: THE AEROPLANE WHICH CRASHED AT IVINGHOE, ON THE LONDON-MANCHESTER AIR MAIL ROUTE, CAUSING THE DEATH OF ALL THE OCCUPANTS.



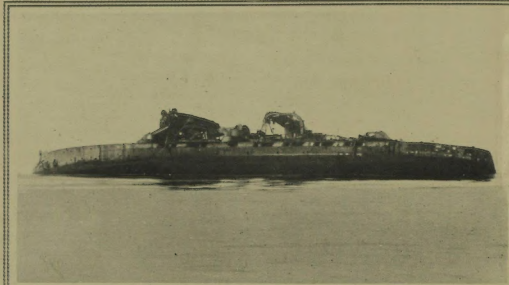
AFTER THE DISASTER AT IVINGHOE, IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE: WRECKAGE OF THE LONDON-MANCHESTER AIR MAIL MACHINE, IN WHICH FIVE PEOPLE WERE KILLED.



RECENTLY ILL WITH TYPHOID, LIKE HER SISTER: PRINCESS GIOVANNA, THIRD DAUGHTER OF THE KING OF ITALY.



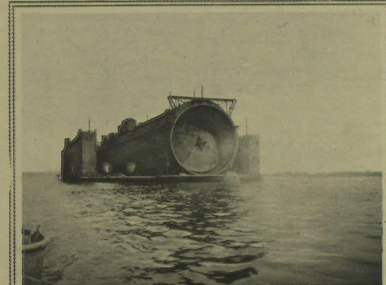
WHERE 2128 OUT OF A POPULATION OF 11,000 JOINED UP: HOLYHEAD'S WAR MEMORIAL UNVEILED.



UNITED STATES BOMBING TRIALS ON OBSOLETE BATTLE-SHIPS: THE U.S. "VIRGINIA" TURNING OVER AND ABOUT TO SINK AFTER BEING HIT.



UNDER WAY FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE WAR: THE TURKISH CRUISER "HAMIDIYE" COMING OUT OF THE GOLDEN HORN ON HER RELEASE FROM INTERMENT.



AN ENGINEERING WONDER OF THIS WAR TO BE BROKEN UP: A HUGE GERMAN FLOATING DOCK FOR TESTING SUBMARINES.



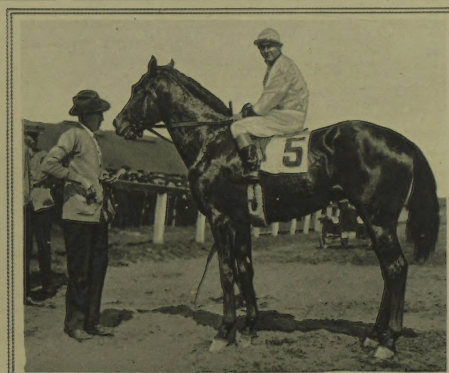
THIS YEAR'S DERBY WINNER TO MEET AN AMERICAN HORSE IN THE UNITED STATES: PAPYRUS (DONOGHUE UP).



CATERPILLAR TRACTORS FOR ARTILLERY: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE RECENT MANEUVERS OF THE CZECH-SLOVAKIAN ARMY.



EXPERTS WHO DECIDED THE DA VINCI DISPUTE: (L. TO R.) SIR M. CONWAY, SIR C. HOLMES, M. NICOLLE, PROFESSOR VENTURI, MR. ROGER FRY, MR. L. S. LEVY, M. LURFROSE, AND CAPTAIN L. DOUGLAS.



EXPECTED TO BE THE AMERICAN HORSE CHOSEN TO RUN AGAINST PAPYRUS AT BELMONT PARK: ZEV.

Princesses Mafalda and Giovanna, daughters of the King and Queen of Italy, have recently been suffering from typhoid fever at the Royal Castle of Racconigi. It was reported on September 15 that Princess Giovanna was then out of danger, and that Princess Mafalda, whose condition was serious, had taken a turn for the better on the previous evening.—The London to Manchester air mail machine crashed to earth at Ivinghoe, Buckinghamshire, on the evening of September 14, and all the five occupants—two pilots and three passengers—were killed. Portraits of the pilots appear on our Personal page.—The Holyhead War Memorial was unveiled on the 15th by Commodore Sir R. Williams-Bulkeley, Bt., Lord-Lieutenant of Anglesey. Holyhead claims the record of all towns in the United Kingdom for the percentage of the population who served in the war—2128 out of 11,000.—Two obsolete American battleships, the "Virginia" and "New Jersey," were recently used as targets for bombing practice off Cape Hatteras. They were attacked from 3000 feet, with twelve 1100-lb. bombs. The

"Virginia" sank in twenty-six minutes after she was first hit (by the fourth bomb dropped).—The Turkish cruiser "Hamidiye" was recently released from internment after the signing of the Treaty with Turkey. "It is customary," writes a naval correspondent, "to assume the Turkish Navy to be a slow-moving concern, but 'Hamidiye' was docked within three days after ratification. The photograph shows her coming out and picking up a buoy in the Golden Horn. Behind are the Mosque of Suleiman and the War Office tower."—A huge steel floating dock for testing submarines, made for the German Navy in the war, and since in the possession of the British Admiralty, has been bought for breaking up by Messrs. Cox and Danks, who are enabling engineers interested to inspect it at their depot at Queenborough. It is 412 ft long and weighs 5000 tons.—In Paris on the 15th art experts decided that the "Belle Ferronnière" in the Louvre is an original by Leonardo da Vinci, and that the picture in possession of Mrs. Hahn, of Kansas City, is a copy not by Leonardo.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, LAFAYETTE, PHOTOPRESS, MCKENZIE (EASTBOURNE), TOPICAL, AND VANDYK.



GOVERNOR OF NEW SOUTH WALES FOR FIVE YEARS: THE LATE SIR WALTER DAVIDSON.



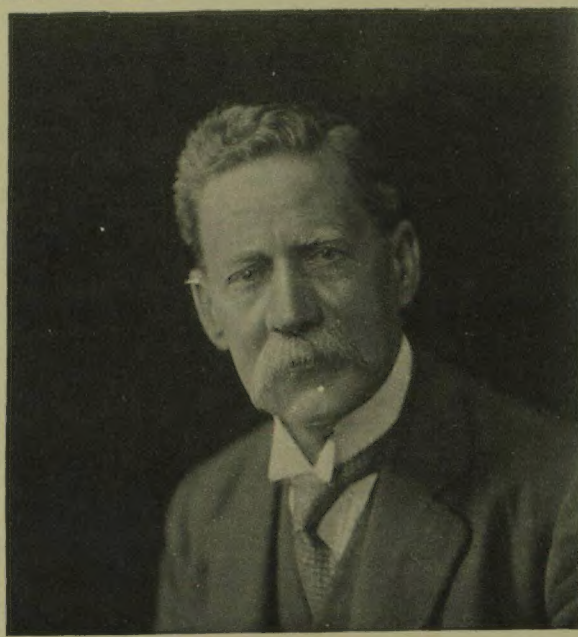
APPOINTED BRITISH MINISTER TO NORWAY: THE HON. FRANCIS OSWALD LINDLEY.



ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR 1924: SIR DAVID BRUCE, F.R.S.



THE NEW GERMAN COMMISSIONER FOR THE CONTROL OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE: HERR FELLINGER.



PROMINENT IN AUSTRALIAN PUBLIC LIFE FOR OVER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS: THE LATE SENATOR MILLEN.



THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPION: MR. C. RAMASWAMI, WITH THE CHALLENGE CUP, AT EASTBOURNE.



ONE OF THE PILOTS KILLED IN THE AIR MAIL DISASTER: THE LATE MR. G. E. PRATT.



THE RULER OF TRANSJORDANIA, WHERE A REVOLUTIONARY OUTBREAK RECENTLY OCCURRED: THE EMIR ABDULLAH.



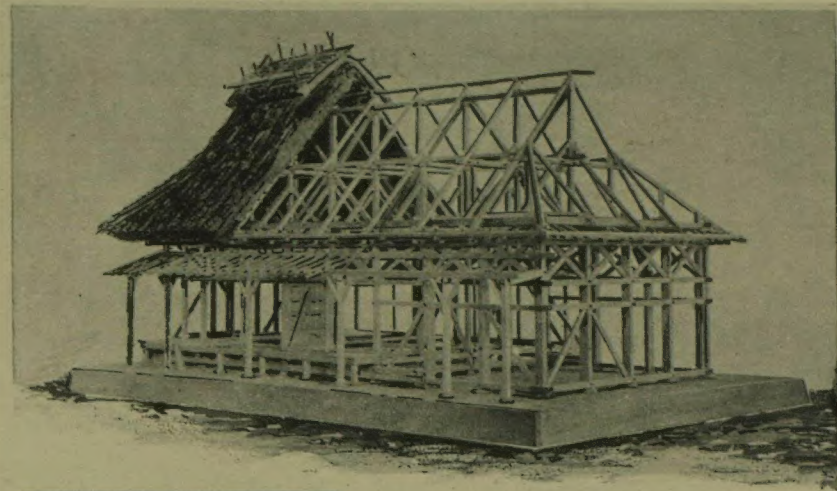
THE CHIEF PILOT KILLED IN THE AIR MAIL DISASTER: THE LATE CAPT. L. G. ROBINSON, M.C.

Sir Walter Davidson had been Governor of New South Wales since 1918. He was born in Ulster, and in 1880 entered the Ceylon Civil Service. He had been Mayor of Colombo, Colonial Secretary of the Transvaal, Governor of the Seychelles, and Governor of Newfoundland during the war years.—The Hon. F. O. Lindley entered the Diplomatic Service in 1909, and has been First Secretary at Christiania, Counsellor of Embassy at Petrograd, Commissioner and Consul-General in Russia, Minister in Vienna, and British representative at Athens.—Sir David Bruce, who is a Major-General in the R.A.M.C., is famous for his researches in South Africa on sleeping-sickness and other tropical diseases. He served in the Siege of Ladysmith, and was Commandant of the R.A.M. College from 1914 to 1919.—Herr Fellingner, appointed Commissioner for the Control of Foreign Exchange in Germany,

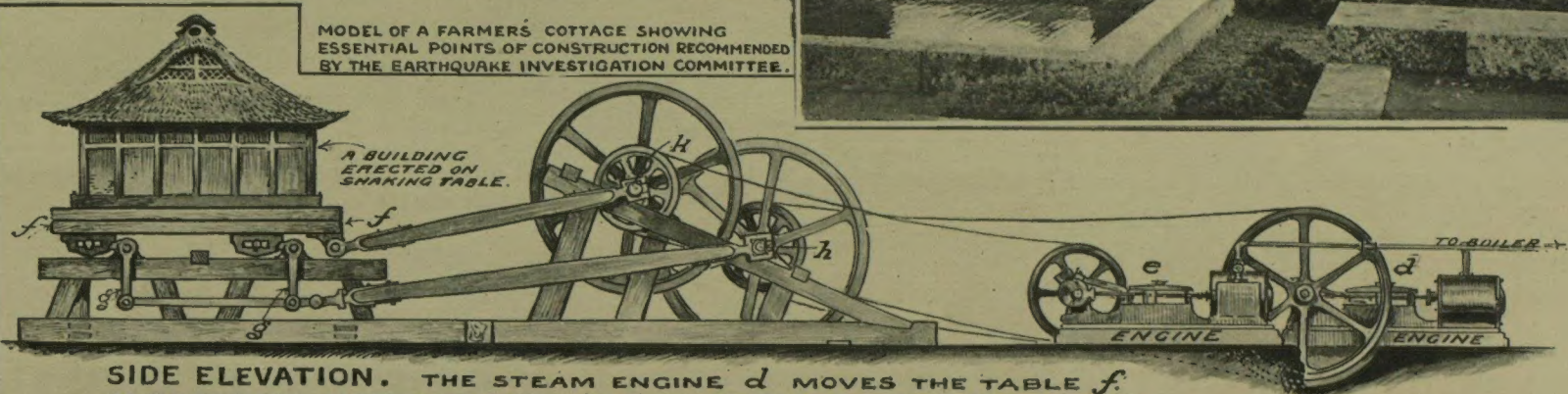
is Councillor of the Prussian Ministry of Commerce.—The Hon. E. D. Millen was Minister for Defence in the Australian Commonwealth Government when the war began, and afterwards Minister of Repatriation. He represented Australia at the Assembly of the League of Nations.—Mr. C. Ramaswami beat Mr. F. G. Lowe in the final of the Open Singles in the South of England Lawn-Tennis Championships tournament at Eastbourne.—Mr. G. E. Pratt, who recently left the R.A.F. with a distinguished record, was making his first trip on the London-Manchester route when the machine crashed near Ivinghoe, Bucks, on September 14, all five occupants being killed. Captain L. G. Robinson, M.C., was the chief pilot of the Daimler Airway. He left the R.A.F. as a Wing-Commander.—The Emir Abdullah is the son of King Hussein of the Hejaz and brother of King Feisal of Iraq.

ANTI-EARTHQUAKE ARCHITECTURE: JAPANESE PRINCIPLES OF BUILDING.

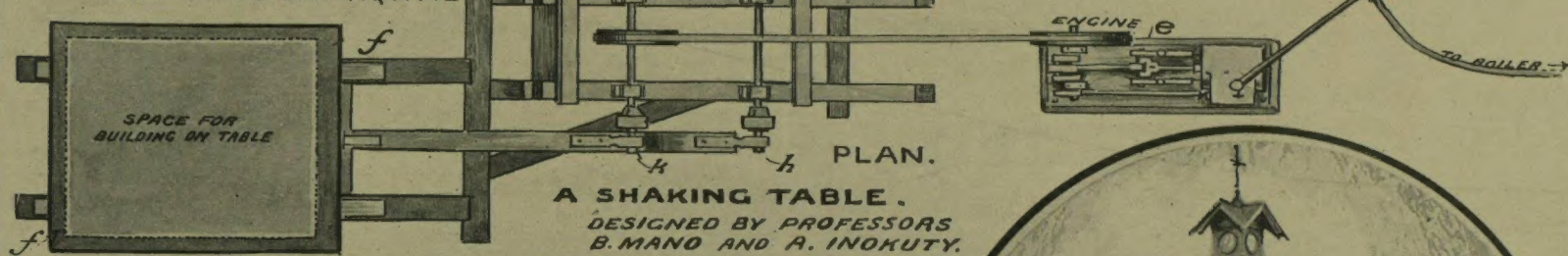
DIAGRAMS BY W. B. ROBINSON.



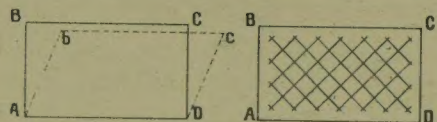
MODEL OF A FARMERS' COTTAGE SHOWING ESSENTIAL POINTS OF CONSTRUCTION RECOMMENDED BY THE EARTHQUAKE INVESTIGATION COMMITTEE.



SIDE ELEVATION. THE STEAM ENGINE *d* MOVES THE TABLE *f* IN A VERTICAL DIRECTION BY MEANS OF THE BELL CRANK LEVERS *g, g*, OPERATED THROUGH THE CRANK SHAFT *h*. THE STEAM ENGINE *e* AT THE SAME TIME MOVES THE TABLE *f* IN A HORIZONTAL DIRECTION BY MEANS OF THE CRANK SHAFT *h*. THE COMBINATION OF THE TWO MOVEMENTS GIVING AN EFFECT SIMILAR TO THAT OF AN EARTHQUAKE.



A SHAKING TABLE. DESIGNED BY PROFESSORS B. MANO AND A. INOKUTY.



NORMAL EFFECTS OF A SEISMIC SHOCK ON A WALL: (LEFT) LOSING EQUILIBRIUM; (RIGHT) CRACKING.

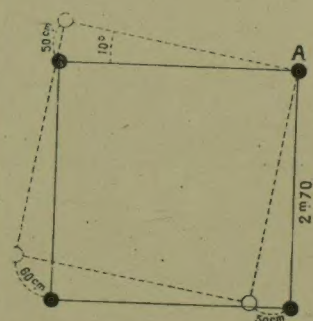


CHART OF ROTATION OF THE ANJOJI TEMPLE ROOF DURING THE 1894 EARTHQUAKE.

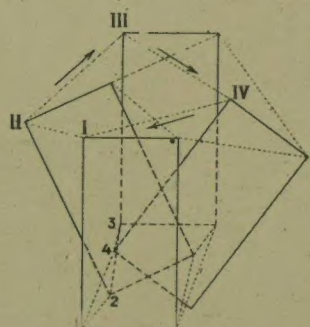
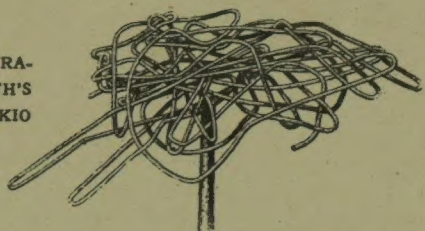
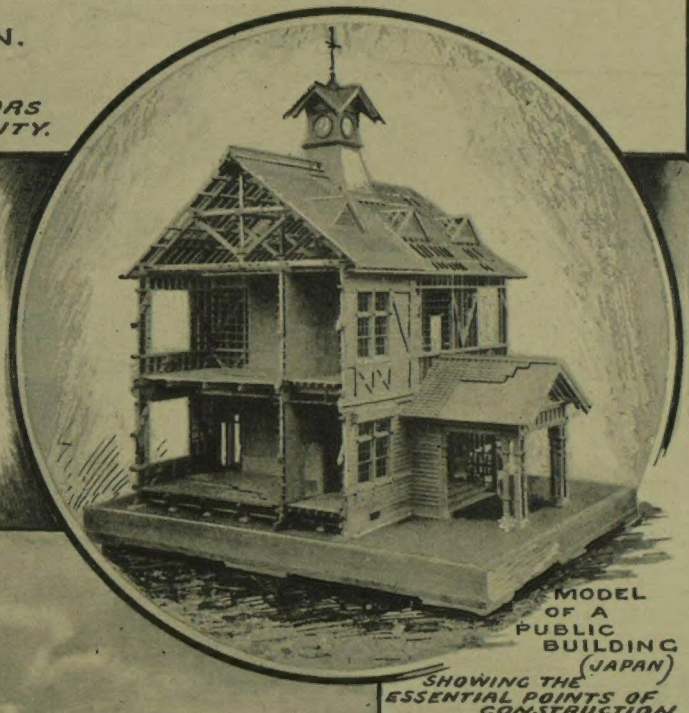


CHART OF THE SEISMIC MOTION OF PART OF A WALL, SHOWING VARYING MOVEMENTS OF A VERTICAL RIGHT ANGLE.

COPPER WIRE MODEL OF TRAJECTORY OF THE EARTH'S SURFACE DURING THE TOKIO EARTHQUAKE OF 1887.



JAPAN.
TO SECURE STABILITY IN PAGODAS A HEAVY VERTICAL BEAM IS FREQUENTLY HUNG FROM THE ROOF, THUS GIVING TO THE BUILDING A VARIABLE CENTRE OF GRAVITY.



MODEL OF A PUBLIC BUILDING (JAPAN) SHOWING THE ESSENTIAL POINTS OF CONSTRUCTION.



A JAPANESE BRIDGE BUILT TO WITHSTAND EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS—ELASTIC WOODEN ARCHES ON HEAVY STONE PIERS.

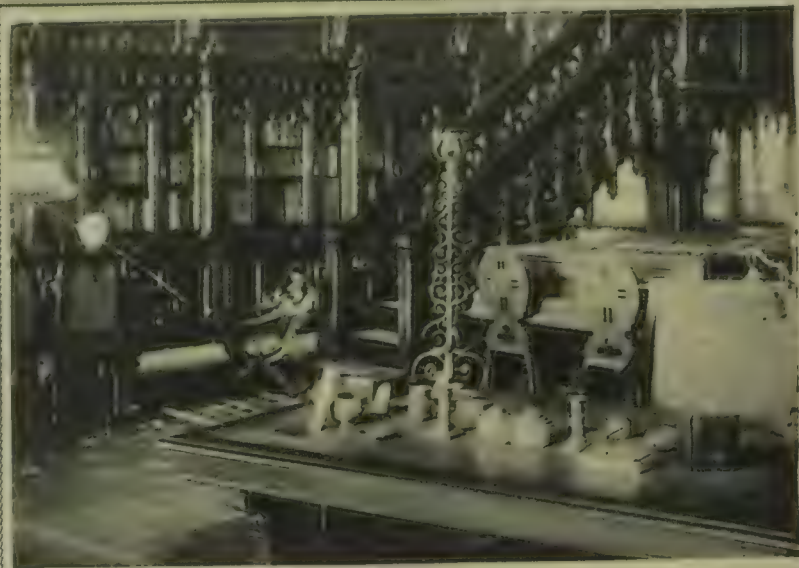
SHOWING (IN THE TOP RIGHT-HAND CORNER) THE IMPERIAL HOTEL AT TOKIO, A MODERN BUILDING WHICH SURVIVED THE RECENT DISASTER: JAPANESE "QUAKE-PROOF" STRUCTURES OF VARIOUS TYPES; AND A MODEL-TESTING MACHINE.

The recent disaster in Japan put to the severest possible test the various types of "quake-proof" buildings in Tokio and elsewhere. The Imperial Hotel, of which we give an illustration above (in the right-hand top corner), was a massive new stone structure on modern lines. A week after the great earthquake it was reported that this hotel was intact, having not only withstood the shock, but escaped the fire owing to its isolated position. One eye-witness, describing his experiences, says: "My greatest surprise was to find the Imperial Hotel, a massive stone brick building, standing rock-like and entirely intact." Another,

who was a visitor staying in the hotel, writes: "I was in the grill-room. After the quake hit us the grill shook like a leaf. We plunged through the broken windows of the building, which remained standing." The testing apparatus illustrated above consists of vibrating platforms, to which movement can be given imitating that of an earthquake. On these platforms models of buildings, walls, columns, 6 ft. or more in height, made of masonry and other materials, are placed. The stage is then caused to oscillate quicker and quicker, until shattering occurs.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]

IN SOVIET RUSSIA: A BOLSHEVIST EXHIBITION; AND OTHER SCENES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CONTINENTAL PHOTO (BERLIN).



IN THE WINTER PALACE AT PETROGRAD: THE STUDY OF THE LATE EMPEROR NICHOLAS II. AS IT IS TO-DAY.



IN ITS PRESENT STATE: THE DRAWING-ROOM OF THE LATE EMPRESS IN THE WINTER PALACE AT PETROGRAD.



LENIN'S SUCCESSOR AS HEAD OF THE SOVIET COUNCIL: M. KAMENEFF, WITH HIS WIFE.



AT THE MOSCOW EXHIBITION OF AGRICULTURE AND HOME INDUSTRY: KIRGITS OUTSIDE A PEASANT'S HOUSE WHICH THEY BUILT.



LENIN'S PORTRAIT IN A GREAT FLOWER BED: A TRIBUTE BY MOSCOW GARDENERS.



WITH THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN FLAGS IN THE FOREGROUND: THE FOREIGN SECTION OF THE MOSCOW EXHIBITION.



AT THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION HELD IN SOVIET RUSSIA: THE TURKESTAN PAVILION IN THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS AT MOSCOW.

Little prominence has been given in the Press of late to affairs in Russia, and it is interesting to find that the Soviet authorities have organised an international exhibition at Moscow, the first of its kind held under Bolshevik auspices. It is called the Pan-Russian Exhibition of Agriculture and Home Industry, and some of the buildings, as shown in our photographs, are evidently on an ambitious scale. In a message from Riga on August 20, a "Times" correspondent said: "The opening of the Moscow Exhibition, which had been delayed for a week, has taken place, the Soviet Government doing its utmost to make it a great success.

Tchitcherin made a speech, in which he dwelt upon the Soviet love of peace, and the importance of developing Russia's economic life, without which the world could not exist. 'To-day,' he declared, 'we are demonstrating our economic power.' The Turkish Ambassador, Mukhtar Bey, spoke in the name of the diplomatists. The representatives of three Chinese provinces made speeches in the name of the Chinese people, and presented a red flag with a Chinese inscription in token of union with the Soviet Government." In the centre photograph above, the placard next to the door reads, "Smoking Prohibited." Two Kirgits are on the left.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A FINE ART: TWO NOTABLE SALON EXHIBITS.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. J. MORTIMER, SHOWN AT THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1923

"THE LAST CHAPTER": THE BREAKING-UP OF H.M.S. "THETIS" ON THE MOLE AT ZEEBRUGGE—AN ECHO OF THE HISTORIC NAVAL RAID.



"HILLTOP": A CHARMING STUDY OF COUNTRY LIFE IN ENGLAND, "DRAWN" DIRECT FROM NATURE BY THE ART OF THE CAMERA.

The artistic possibilities of photography are again revealed at this year's International Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography, which was recently opened at the Galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, 5A, Pall Mall East, and will remain open daily until October 6. Its aim is "to exhibit only that class of work in Pictorial Photography in which there is distinct evidence of personal artistic feeling and execution." We reproduce here two beautiful examples by Mr. F. J. Mortimer, whose name is well known in this connection. The subjects are in striking contrast, but they have this in common—that while

one is an echo of the war, the other is typical of the homeland for which our sailors and soldiers fought. H.M.S. "Thetis," it may be recalled, was one of the three block-ships sunk at Zeebrugge during the famous British naval raid in the early hours of St. George's Day (April 22), 1918. In the darkness the "Thetis" fouled German nets, grounded, and had to sink herself where she lay. The other two, "Intrepid" and "Iphigenia," passed on and sank themselves in the actual entrance to the channel. The foundation-stone of a memorial on the Mole commemorating the event was laid on its fifth anniversary, April 22 last.

NATURAL HISTORY BY PHOTOGRAPHY: NOTABLE R.P.S. OWL STUDIES.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS (Nos. 1, 2 AND 3) BY T. M. FOWLER; (No. 4) BY DR. J. B. PARDOE. SHOWN AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN.



1. A LONG-EARED OWL AT ITS NEST ON THE GROUND—FRONT VIEW: PART OF A SET BY T. M. FOWLER, AWARDED AN R.P.S. MEDAL.



2. A LONG-EARED OWL ON ITS NEST SEEN IN PROFILE: PART OF THE SAME SET AWARDED A MEDAL BY THE R.P.S.



3. SHOWING THE FIVE EGGS IN THE NEST: ANOTHER INTERESTING STUDY OF A LONG-EARED OWL, BY T. M. FOWLER.



4. "THE MOPING OWL DOTH TO THE MOON COMPLAIN": A SCREECH OWL—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. J. B. PARDOE.

The Sixty-eighth Annual Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain was opened at 35, Russell Square on September 17, and will remain open until October 27. The exhibitions of the Society have always been noted for their excellent studies in natural history, in which branch of science photography has of late years played a part of ever-increasing importance. In that respect, as the example given on this and the opposite page indicate, the present show well

maintains the high standard of its predecessors. The Long-eared Owl belongs to a group characterised by the great length of the ear-tufts, and is one of the handsomest of the British species. The Screech Owl, which is smaller, "is remarkable for the constancy and regularity with which it utters its plaintive and monotonous cry, sounding like 'kew, kew,' and pronounced at intervals of about two seconds throughout the livelong night."

NATURE STUDY BY PHOTOGRAPHY: A BUSHY-TAILED ALIEN MARAUDER.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. J. B. PARDOE, SHOWN AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN.



"A SNEAKING, THIEVING, FASCINATING LITTLE ALIEN VILLAIN": "YOUNG GREY SQUIRRELS".
A PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. J. B. PARDOE, IN THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

The grey squirrel is an alien from America, and has in many parts of this country practically exterminated our native brown, or "red," squirrel, which is far less destructive. Last year the Office of Works gave orders for the destruction of grey squirrels in Kensington Gardens, not to the point of extermination, but to keep down the numbers for the protection of the new bird sanctuaries. In Richmond Park grey squirrels have been shot ever since the first official bird sanctuary was established there in 1915. Sir Lionel Earle, secretary of the Office of Works and

chairman of the committee on bird sanctuaries, described the grey squirrel as "a sneaking, thieving, fascinating little alien villain," who sucks all the birds' eggs he can find and probably kills young birds in the nest. He has been watched at his evil work among the ducks' eggs in Regent's Park. There he had become a nuisance to neighbouring householders, spoiling their gardens, and sometimes even entering their rooms, but no steps had been taken against him, as it was not intended to have a bird sanctuary in that Park.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

DEDICATION may be considered something of a lost art, but it still flourishes here and there. The long-winded Epistle Dedicatory is rarer than it was in the days of the old dedication fulsome and flattering, which paid a compliment in the hopes of extracting a guinea from a patron. It has won free from all taint of that sort nowadays, for which we may be thankful, as even in its more elaborate

its happier passages, where all are happy. He begins—

Sir,—I fear that what I offer you here is but an indifferent Plant, though 'tis grown from your own Seed. Since I laboured in your Laboratory, working small things while those Choice Philosophers Moseley (of whom we may say, as the illustrious Newton said of Cotes, that had he lived we had known something) and Bohr were performing great ones, War and the Penalties of Publick Employment have long kept me from attempting to add to Knowledge by such Natural Experiments as my slender Wit can devise. In studying now at length to fit myself for a Venture, I have gathered together much of what the Learned of our day have discussed in the matter of that Microcosm, the Atom, within whose exiguous Bounds is Space and to spare for Philosophical Speculations; and in the perhaps too PRESUMPTUOUS HOPE that what it has taught me much to collect may help others as Ignorant as Myself, I have ordered my Conclusions into the Volume which I now present to You.

He goes on to say that "no Astronomer of those petty Suns and Planets has given us more and rarer News of them than Yourself, who first taught the VIRTUOSI to see in the Atom a Massy Nucleus controlling by electrick Laws his distant Servants the light-heeled Electrons. You will find here, then, much that is a Picture of your own Thoughts."

I have not [he says] declared myself largely on such slippery Matters as the Evolution of our Great Universe from a Prime Substance, nor the Future of Mechanical Power, for I am not one of those who would strive, as our French Cousins say, TO BREAK AN EEL ACROSS HIS KNEE. I have gone softly, essaying rather to show what is certain, and what less certain, leaving the Niceties of Fantastickall Speculation to those whose Pens are more Copious than mine.

Finally, I bring you humbly this Book not so much in the Belief that it is worthy your Acceptance, as in the Hope that its very Imperfections and Errours may prove of service by suggesting to your Pespicious Judgement Means by which they may be amended, and Experiments to resolve what I have set down doubtfully.

Frankly it is impossible for the non-scientific man to give any adequate account of the body of the book, but the layman may say this much—that in the parts not purely mathematical, Professor Andrade conveys a brilliantly clear idea of the nature of the Atom. He gives also a most illuminating historical sketch of the various theories regarding the Atom that have been held by scientific men since the subject was first investigated in the light of modern discoveries. As for the mathematical parts, in many cases the aforesaid layman has forgotten even the symbols, and must hold his tongue.

Passing from a scientific to a historical work,

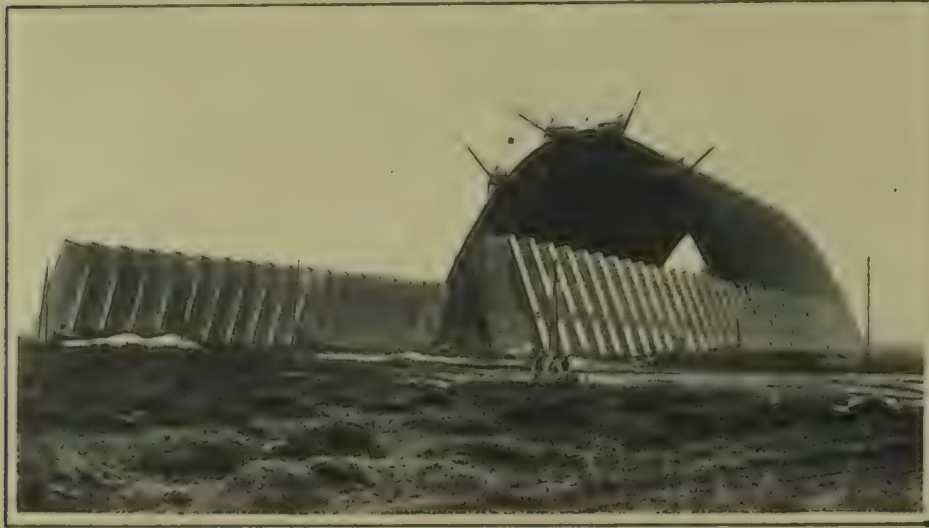
one finds another elaborate dedication in the epistolary form. It begins—

My Dear . . .—This book is rightfully yours for your unfailing help and encouragement. In dedicating it, I do but make a payment on account.

The signatory is Hoffman Nickerson, an American politician, who, while enduring Prohibition lobbyists in the New York State Legislature, cast about for something which might serve as a historical precedent in the way of religio-political oppression on so vast a scale. It was not long before he discovered that traditional Christianity had more to say for the Inquisitors than for the Prohibitionists. The result of Mr. Nickerson's studies is "THE INQUISITION, A POLITICAL AND MILITARY STUDY OF ITS ESTABLISHMENT" (Bale; 15s. net). Mr. Nickerson's enquiry into the origins of the Inquisition has led him to make an elaborate study of the Albigenses, who were the Puritans of the Middle Ages. Apart from its ecclesiastical bearing, Mr. Nickerson's book has especial value as a piece of sound original research into an imperfectly understood chapter of military history.

Simon de Montfort's crusade against the Albigenses has been examined, as all campaigns should be examined, with particular regard to the actual ground fought over. Mr. Belloc, who writes an Introduction, notes that the author has done what is of first importance in all military chronicling; that is, he has divided episodes *not* in equal measures of time, but by their separate military characteristics. The description of the Battle of Muret is a sound and admirable piece of historical writing. Hitherto scholars have disagreed fundamentally over this engagement, and it seemed that no full reconstruction was possible; but Mr. Nickerson, after comparing all the evidence now available, came to the conclusion that an accurate outline of the action could be fixed. This he has attempted with striking success. Most ingenious is his computation of the time element, in examining which he has to consider the probable pace at which mediæval troops could move. His work, so far as it deals with the Albigenian campaign, is an excellent example of historical imagination, qualified and directed by an accurate regard to facts.

Some may consider it unfortunate that a historical work of so much intrinsic value should have drifted



FRANCE BUILDING THE GREATEST AIRSHIP HANGAR IN THE WORLD: A HUGE CONCRETE STRUCTURE AT ORLY (SEINE) IN COURSE OF ERECTION.

At the air-port of Orly, Seine, the French are building the biggest airship shed in the world. The two indented walls (about 980 ft. long and 55 ft. high) shown above serve as the base for 40 arches of reinforced concrete, whose junction will form the vault of the hangar.

forms it is now an act of pure friendship, purged of all sordid motives.

One of the most copiously dedicated of books was Young's "Night Thoughts," in which nearly every Canto had a separate inscription to some notable. The first was humbly inscribed to the Right Honourable Arthur Onslow, Esq., Speaker to the House of Commons, the second to the Earl of Wilmington, the third to the Duchess of P——, the fourth to the Honourable Mr. Yorke, the fifth to the Earl of Litchfield, the sixth to Henry Pelham, Esq., First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the ninth to the Duke of Newcastle, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State.

The dignified hobnobbing of great literary men not personally acquainted is reflected in Byron's pompous inscription: "To the illustrious Goethe. A stranger presumes to offer the homage of a literary vassal to his liege lord, the first of existing writers who has created the literature of his own country, and illustrated that of Europe. The unworthy production which the author ventures to inscribe to him is entitled 'Sardanapalus.'"

For the warm domestic touch Mrs. Gaskell's dedication of "Sylvia's Lovers" would be difficult to beat: "This Book is dedicated to my dear husband by her who best knows his value." Cynics may see something cryptic in the implied valuation, but Mrs. Gaskell had no *arrière pensée*. Wordsworth, in dedicating "The Excursion" to Lord Lonsdale, after an epistle that is in effect a treatise, dropped, like Mr. Wegg, into poetry, and perpetrated a sonnet which, alone, would not have placed him among our foremost sonneteers.

As a rule, the letter of dedication which occurs in present-day books is without embroideries and written in the ordinary style which one gentleman uses in writing to another. A very pleasant variation has, however, occurred, probably in the last place where one would look for such a thing. An eminent man of science, writing on a most abstruse scientific subject, has been moved by gratitude to a brother philosopher not only to dedicate his book to him, but to imitate in style and in typography alike the quaint dedications of an older time. This whimsical person, who, in dealing with a scientific subject, is a master of the hard, unadorned, clear and exact English which modern men of science make it a point of honour to use, has gone back for his dedication to the quaint style of at least 150 years ago. The book in question is "THE STRUCTURE OF THE ATOM," by E. N. Da C. Andrade (Bell and Sons; 16s.), and the dedication, to Sir Ernest Rutherford, is so pleasing to the literary sense that, at the risk of giving too much space to a subsidiary matter, I am tempted to quote some of



THE NISSEN HUT PRINCIPLE APPLIED TO THE BUILDING OF FRENCH AIRSHIP SHEDS ON A COLOSSAL SCALE: WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE HUGE HANGAR AT ORLY.

Under the last-completed arch of concrete is seen a semi-circular wooden framework, lowered on trestles, and ready to be moved forward and raised again into position to serve as mounting for the next arch. Below is a network of cables used for tightening all parts of the framework.

Photographs by Manuel.

away in its last chapter into a tract against Prohibition. Into the merits and demerits of Prohibition it is not our province to enter here, but it is a little disturbing to find a writer who possesses so many virtues of the true historian, yielding to a personal prejudice, and turning a fine piece of research into a vehicle of somewhat petulant propaganda.

THE NATURE AND MOVEMENT OF ATOMS REVEALED BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY COURTESY OF SIR ERNEST RUTHERFORD, F.R.S. PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1, 3, 5, AND 6 BY MR. BLACKETT; NOS. 2, 4, 7, AND 8 BY MR. C. T. R. WILSON.



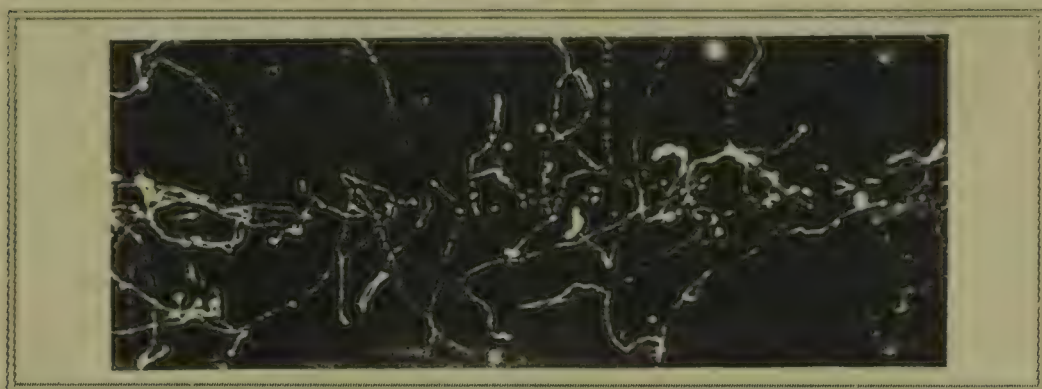
COLLISION OF ALPHA PARTICLE WITH OXYGEN ATOM—SHORTER FORK SHOWING ATOM'S TRAIL.



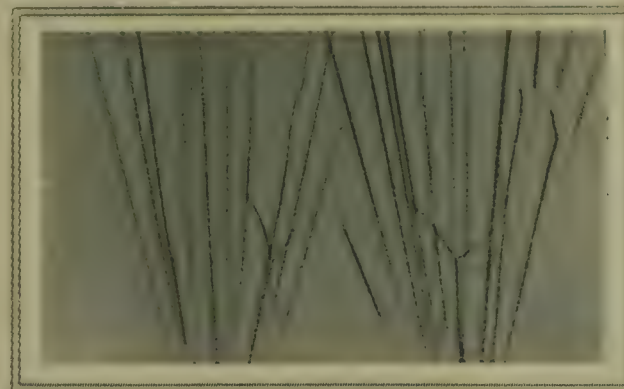
2. RECTILINEAR PATH OF ALPHA PARTICLE SHOT OUT FROM ATOM OF RADIUM EMANATION.



3. COLLISION OF ALPHA PARTICLE WITH HYDROGEN NUCLEUS—LEFT FORK SHOWING NUCLEUS TRACK



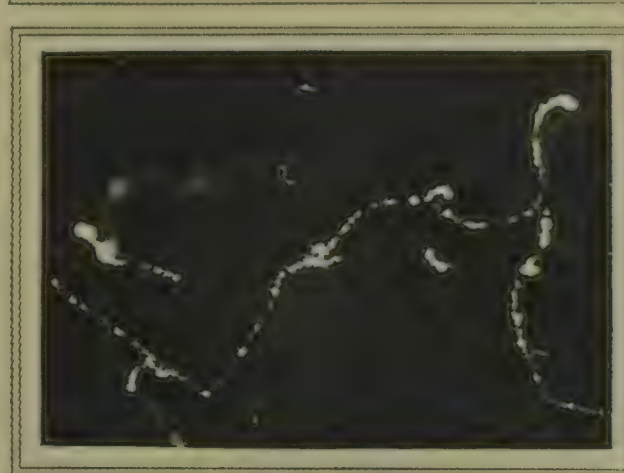
4. THE PASSAGE OF X-RAYS THROUGH AIR—NARROW BEAM OF X-RAYS ENTERING FROM THE RIGHT AND LIBERATING ELECTRONS FROM ATOMS OF MATTER.



5. COLLISION WITH HELIUM ATOM—THE ALPHA PARTICLE AND THE HELIUM NUCLEUS HAVING THE SAME MASS.



6. ALPHA RAYS IN THE AIR: A STRONG SOURCE OF ALPHA RAYS FROM POLONIUM—THE TWO PHOTOGRAPHS BEING TAKEN AT RIGHT ANGLES TO EACH OTHER.



7. COLLISION OF AN ELECTRON WITH A NUCLEUS OF AN ATOM AND OTHER ELECTRONS.



8. A VERY WEAK X-RAY BEAM, SHOWING ELECTRONS LIBERATED AT AN ANGLE WITH ITS PATH.

Those who "listened-in" to Sir Ernest Rutherford's presidential address to the British Association at Liverpool on "The Electrical Structure of Matter," as it was broadcast throughout the country, will remember catching the sounds of applause that greeted the lantern-slides which he used to illustrate his discourse. By his courtesy we are enabled to reproduce above some of the actual slides, from photographs taken by Mr. C. T. R. Wilson and Mr. Blackett. Many of Mr. Wilson's photographs have been published in the proceedings of the Royal Society. In his address Sir Ernest quoted as one of the fundamental experiments, used to determine

the constitution of the atom, the observation that, when an *alpha* particle was shot through atoms of matter, it was occasionally deflected from its straight course by more than a right angle. The *alpha* particle (helium), itself charged with electricity, was repelled owing to the powerful electric fields surrounding it and the nucleus of the atom. It was clear that the *alpha* particle could only be deflected if very intense electric forces existed inside the atom, and that this could only be so if the main charge of the atom was concentrated in a minute nucleus. (Radiations of radio-active substances are classified as *alpha*, *beta* and *gamma* rays.)"

THE CAMERA AS AN INFALLIBLE JUDGE IN HORSE-

THE judge of a horse-race, who must rely entirely on his own vision, deciding the results from a momentary impression on the retina of the eye, has a very difficult task, and is apt to make mistakes, though, for the sake of order, his decision is final. "This rather primitive method," says a French writer, "has been abandoned in Belgium, where, since 1910, the racing societies have adopted an autophotographic system invented by M. Sips. This system, improved by a Frenchman, M. Branger, is now in operation at Maisons-Lafitte, and will soon be in use, no doubt, on all the Parisian race-courses. M. Sips stretches across the track, at a height of about 85 or 90 centimetres (nearly 4 ft.), corresponding to that of a horse's breast, a cotton thread of the colour of grass, capable of supporting a progressive tension of 9 kilogrammes, but breaking at the least shock. Twisted round a small wheel placed on one side of the track, the thread ends, on the other side, in an electric contact formed of two flexible plates separated by less than a millimetre. The moment it is touched by the breast of the horse, it suffers, before breaking, an excess of tension, causing contact, and producing an electric current which, through the medium of an electric magnet, releases the shutter of a photographic apparatus. The thread is placed at 1 metre 50 (about 4 ft. 10 in.) in front of the finishing line (this, at least, is the distance adopted, after many experiments, at Maisons-Lafitte) so that the photograph registers the exact moment when the horse's nose appears in line with the winning post. M. Branger has added many notable improvements to this method. He places two photographic posts at a height of 7 to 8 metres (about 23 to 26 ft.), one on the top of the judge's box, the other on the opposite side, at the winning post. Each photographic post contains a group of three convergent cameras, so disposed that a thread stretched vertically a little in front of the focal centre of the glass screen, and consequently, of the sensitive plates (13 by 18 centimetre size), is in line with the judge's view and the winning post. These two lines therefore define precisely, on the plate, the positions of the two groups of cameras, which mutually control one another. One of the cameras in each group is worked by hand, as we shall indicate later on. The other two cameras, which are released automatically, are interdependent; and the two lenses of each pair have a different focus: one gives absolute clearness from 5 to 30 metres (about 5½ to 32 yards) and partial clearness for some distance beyond; the other, inversely, gives partial clearness between 5 and 30 metres, and absolute clearness beyond that distance. The track generally measures from 40 to 60 metres (about 43 to 65 yards) in width; therefore at whatever distance from the thread a horse passes, it will be photographed by one of the cameras. The four shutters are simultaneously released by the electric current, and operate at 1/8000th of a second. Four photographs are thus taken of the winning horse, which itself operates the cameras, and is shown on each side of the track, at two slightly different angles. The position of the horse whose nose first cuts the arrival line is therefore registered, and the comparison of the four photographs seems to render

(Continued below.)

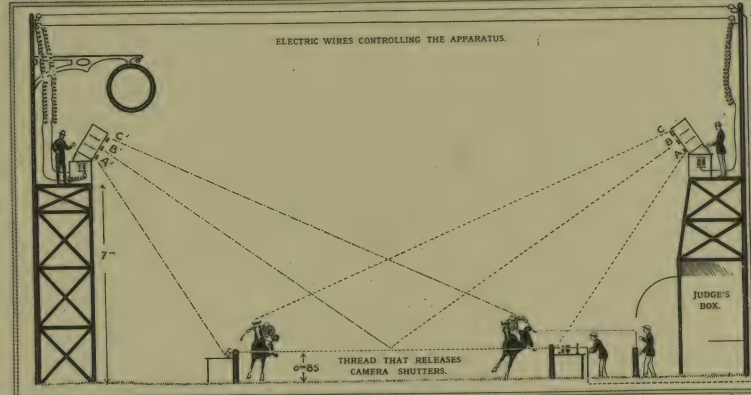


1. AND 2. THE SIPS-BRANGER
(R) ELECTRIC MAGNET OPERATING

RACING: "RESULTS" DECIDED BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



APPARATUS: (L) 3 LENSES;
THE TWO LOWER ONES.



3. WITH TRIPLE CAMERAS ON HIGH STANDS ON EACH SIDE OF THE COURSE AT THE WINNING POST, AUTOMATICALLY PHOTOGRAPHING THE WINNER OF A RACE AT THE MOMENT OF BREAKING THE THREAD: THE SIPS-BRANGER DEVICE SHOWN IN DIAGRAM.



4. A CLOSE FINISH PHOTOGRAPHED AUTOMATICALLY FROM ABOVE THE JUDGE'S BOX: THE HORSES AS SEEN BY THE JUDGE—THE BLACK VERTICAL LINE IN THE CENTRE MARKING THE PROJECTION OF A THREAD STRETCHED BEFORE THE PLATE AND BROUGHT INTO LINE WITH THE WINNING POST BEFORE THE RELEASE OF THE SHUTTER.

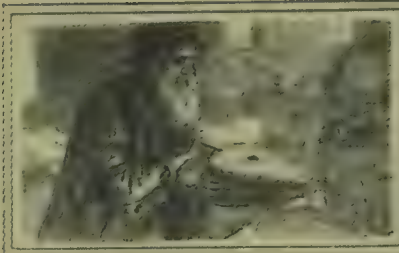


5. THE SAME FINISH TAKEN FROM THE SIDE OPPOSITE THE JUDGE'S BOX (SEEN IN THE CENTRE BACKGROUND): AN AUTOMATIC PHOTOGRAPH SIMILARLY DIVIDED VERTICALLY BY A BLACK LINE REPRESENTING A THREAD STRETCHED BEFORE THE PLATE IN LINE WITH THE WINNING POST.

(Continued.)

Impossible any false conclusion, either as to the winner or the placed horses. The third camera, placed above each automatic group, is independent. It is released by hand simultaneously with the apparatus on the opposite side, by an operator on the top of the judge's box. This camera is intended to photograph a group of horses containing one or more placed horses, when this group is separated from the winning horse by a certain distance. If it offers less guarantee of accuracy than the automatic cameras, it seems, nevertheless, to be more reliable than the mere vision of the judge. Two minutes after the breaking of the thread, the four photographs of the automatic cameras are developed, and a few moments later the photographs taken by the hand camera can be seen, if this has been used. Finally, after six minutes, enlargements of the three positives are available. The judge is thus provided with all means of decision without any possibility of error. It is probable that this method will be worked in France as it is in Belgium, where the judge is always free to give his decision immediately. When the

result seems to him doubtful, a notice is put up bearing the word 'Photograph,' and the public waits for the result to be announced after the photographs have been examined. The Sips system, improved by M. Branger, seems thus to offer the maximum of guarantees. If its adoption lessens a little the judge's prestige, it will, on the other hand, have the advantage of preventing protests." The diagram in illustration No. 3 shows the system in operation. The two pairs of cameras A B (on the right) and A' B' (on the left) work automatically in synchronism at the moment when the breast of the first horse touches the thread. The two top cameras, C (right) and C' (left), likewise synchronised, are manipulated by one of the operators. The man standing in front of the judge is ensuring connection between the electric contact, at the end of the thread, and the electric magnet, a few moments before the finish, in order to avoid any untimely movement of the shutter if the thread should be broken accidentally. The dotted lines indicate the limit of each camera's efficient field of view.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



GIANT FROGS AND TOADS.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

ALL things are relative. This is true even of giants. Charles Byrne, the Irish giant, who died in 1783, stood 7 ft. 8½ in. in his stockings. But he was a dwarf compared with the 105-ft. blue whales of the Antarctic—with a hand 15 ft. long. And there is this further difference between them. Byrne was an oddity, a medical curiosity; the product of a diseased brain (for our growth is largely controlled by a

goliath), which was captured by some native women who were fishing with scoop-nets in a pool of the Kribi River, near Efulen, in the Cameroons. He really is a fine fellow, measuring a foot in length from the tip of his snout to the stump where his tail should be. If he were measured, as sportsmen measure the tigers they kill, stretched to the uttermost limit, this length would have to be doubled, for the hind legs are extremely long. His diet, no doubt, is a varied one. But for the moment all that can certainly be said is that rats and mice make up an appreciable part of it.

We all know the fate of the Frog in Æsop's Fables who tried to puff himself up unduly, but it almost seems as though frogs and toads the world over

had been striving to achieve greatness. None, however, have succeeded like this *goliath*: for the next biggest Frog is "Guppy's Frog" (*Rana guppyi*) discovered by Dr. Guppy in the Solomon Islands. The *Goliath* overshadows him completely, for he is a mere eight inches from the tip of his snout to the tail stump.

these is the Water-Toad (*Bufo aqua*) of Mexico and the Argentine, which measures 6 inches in length. For a toad it is very active, and at pairing time is also very "musical," uttering a kind of "loud snoring bark" by the aid of a voice-pouch lodged beneath the tongue. On each side of the head are a pair of enormous glands, from which an acrid and poisonous juice is squirted when the creature is roughly handled. Our own toad is similarly armed: hence the painful surprise inexperienced dogs exhibit, when they seize one in the mouth. But the result must be exceedingly painful, to judge from the foaming at the mouth, and convulsions, which follow the seizure.

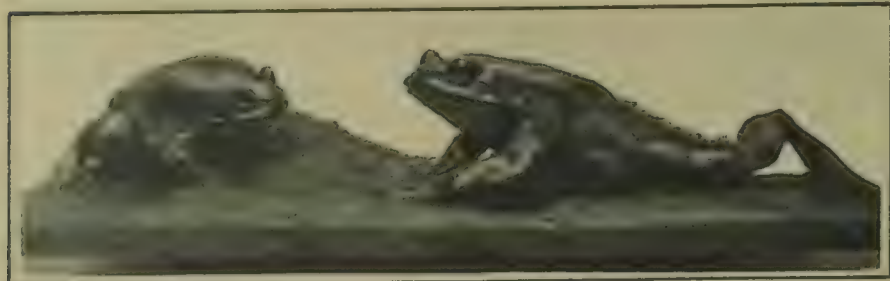
There is evidence to show that toads, like many species of fishes, possess latent powers of growth which, under favourable conditions, lead to surprising developments. In England the common toad rarely attains to a length of as much as 3½ inches in the female, or 2½ in the male. But in the mountain pastures of Southern Europe, where there are rich vegetation and abundant and varied food, the females may measure as much as 6 inches in length. But to attain to greatness such as this the conditions of existence must be those of continuous plenty. Once a check is experienced, however abundant the food supply may afterwards become, growth ceases.

By way of contrast with these giants of their race, we have a species of *Nectophryne*, found in Borneo, which does not exceed a length of three-quarters of an inch. Measured by this standard, the African *Goliath* Frog is indeed a giant.

Two other African frogs must find mention here. The first is that extraordinary creature, the "Hairy Frog" of the French Congo. It is so named from the presence of patches of long, hair-like filaments along the flanks and thighs. These "hairs" measure nearly half an inch in length, and contain glands, such as are found in the skin of the common frog. But, so far, no one has succeeded in discovering what purpose they serve. The absence of a special

nerve supply shows that they have no tactile function.

The second of these two is the "Cat-footed frog," also from the French Congo. It derives its name from the fact that the terminal joints of the



WITH ½-INCH HAIR-LIKE FILAMENTS ON THE FLANKS AND THIGHS: THE EXTRAORDINARY "HAIRY FROG" OF THE FRENCH CONGO.

mysterious gland at the base of the brain, known as the "pituitary body") and no "superman." But the whale comes of a race of giants. It is his rôle to be a giant. And so it is with man and beast of all kinds, even down to frogs and toads, spiders and cockroaches, and creatures which need a magnifying glass to see them.

We are to distinguish, then, between two kinds of giants—such as are born of giants; and such as attain to great stature as a result of disease. It is to no "food of the gods" that giants owe their impressive greatness. The whale lives upon organisms which, at most, do not exceed a few millimetres in length—and these, in their turn, are giants of their kind. Their magnificent proportions are to be regarded as the outward and visible signs of an inward and subtle leaven, which manifests itself in a kind of orgy of growth—and that is all we can say, at present. Sometimes, it is worth noting, the process reverses itself! I have cited instances, on this page, where youthful promise failed miserably to fulfil itself, where, as the youngster grows up, so it grows smaller, till, by the time it has become adult, it measures but a fraction of what it did in infancy!

Ex Africa semper aliquid novi. A few days ago the newspapers were striving to thrill us with an announcement that the largest frog in the world was to be seen in the British Museum of Natural History. This was not quite true: because it would seem that the largest frog in the world jumped out of a pail of water, and got away! But it is indeed true that the largest frog yet captured is to be seen in that great treasure house. This is the *Goliath* Frog (*Rana*



WITH ITS VERY INDIGESTIBLE PREY, THE SWALLOWING OF WHICH IS A MYSTERY: THE GIANT CRAB-EATING FROG (8 IN. LONG TO TAIL-STUMP) OF THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.

was the giant until the other day. But he still holds a unique position in regard to his diet, which is largely furnished by a relatively enormous fresh-water crab. It seems incredible that so huge a creature could be swallowed, large though the mouth of its captor is. When digestion has completely done its work, the empty shell, no doubt, is ejected from the stomach, as the hawk-tribe eject the bones, fur, and feathers they have swallowed, in the form of pellets.

The North American Bull-Frog runs Guppy's Frog very close in the matter of size, as well as in regard to diet. But he is evidently fond of a "mixed grill"; for his bill of fare includes ducklings, and the downy young of other water birds, fishes, and molluscs, as well as crustacea, though crabs of the size eaten by his rival are not to be had. But more than all these, he seems to prize—other frogs: even the smaller members of his own species do not escape. Perhaps it is to this rich and varied menu that he owes his famous voice. When a number of males in amorous mood sit down to sing, the concert can be heard for a distance of over half a mile, its resonance being immensely increased by means of two large internal "vocal sacs," or wind-bags. At a distance it is said to resemble the roaring of a bull; but near at hand, to a request for "more rum"—there are many other natives of that blessed land who are making the same demand, and they won't be happy till . . .

There are giant toads as well as frogs. One of



WITH ADHESIVE FOOT PADS FOR CLIMBING AND POISONOUS SKIN: THE GIANT FROG (*HYLA VASTA*) OF SANTO DOMINGO, THE LARGEST TREE-FROG IN THE WORLD. (ABOUT ONE-THIRD ACTUAL SIZE.)

The adhesive pads at the end of the digits enable this frog to scale the tallest trees and jump from branch to branch. Its skin exudes a poison so virulent that it burns the unprotected hand. Some of this poison may be seen smeared over the glass face of the field terrarium.

Photograph by Dr. G. Kingsley Noble. By Courtesy of "Natural History," the Magazine of the American Museum.



THE LARGEST LIVING SPECIES OF FROG, WHICH EATS RATS AND MICE: A SPECIMEN OF *RANA GOLIATH* (12 IN. TO STUMP OF TAIL) CAPTURED IN THE CAMEROONS.—[Photographs supplied by W. P. Pycraft.]

fingers and toes are produced beyond the skin, and ensheathed in horn to form sharp, bony claws, like those of a cat. What purpose they serve is at present unknown to scientific investigators, but it may come to light when some enthusiastic naturalist is afforded an opportunity of studying the creature in its native wilds, or even in captivity.

THE FIRST BRITISH ASSOCIATION PRESIDENT TO SPEAK "BROADCAST."

PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL.



Sir Ernest Rutherford, F.R.S.

President of the British Association, 1923.

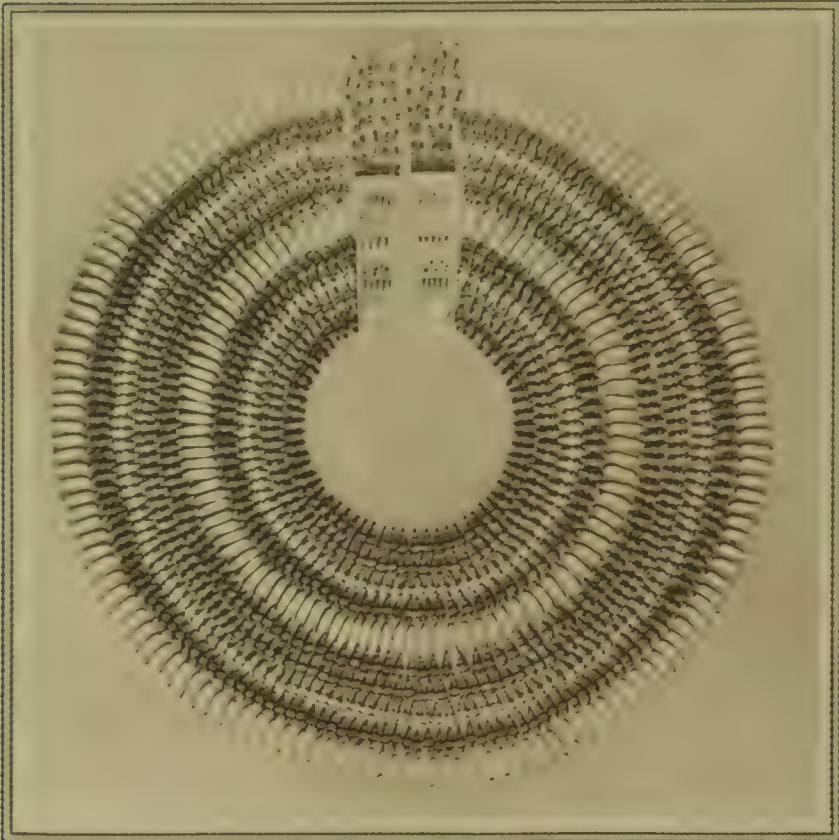
A GREAT PHYSICIST WHO HAS CAST NEW LIGHT ON THE MATERIAL WORLD: SIR ERNEST RUTHERFORD, F.R.S., WHO EXPOUNDED TO THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION "THE ELECTRICAL STRUCTURE OF MATTER."

Sir Ernest Rutherford's presidential address to the British Association at Liverpool, on "The Electrical Structure of Matter," was memorable for several innovations. It was delivered *extempore*, instead of being read from a written text; it was transmitted by telephony, through a loud-speaker, to an overflow meeting in another hall; and, for the first time in the Association's history, it was "broadcast" to the nation at large simultaneously from all the stations of the British Broadcasting Company—namely, London, Manchester, Newcastle, Glasgow, Cardiff, and Birmingham. The address itself referred to broadcasting and wireless as among the most remarkable results of applied physics, but its chief interest was a survey of the wonderful progress made in physical research

during the last quarter of a century—"the heroic age of physical science"—and more particularly the new revelations regarding the structure of the atom. That minute body, it appears, contains a little "solar system" within itself, with its nucleus as sun, and electrons rotating round it at rates varying (in the heaviest atom, uranium) from 1000 to 150,000 kilometres (625 to 93,750 miles) per second! Sir Ernest Rutherford was born, and first studied science, in New Zealand. Later he had a brilliant career at Cambridge, held Chairs of Physics at Montreal and Manchester, and is now back at Cambridge, pursuing his researches at the Cavendish Laboratory. He recalled that he read his first scientific paper before the British Association when it last met at Liverpool in 1896.

AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN KING'S BELONGINGS OF STRANGELY MODERN TYPE.

THE "TIMES" WORLD COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK, EXPEDITION; LENT BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES AND THE DIRECTOR OF THE EGYPTIAN DEPARTMENT.



1. ELABORATE AS ANY MODERN ORNAMENT: A FAIENCE POLYCHROME COLLARETTE FOUND ATTACHED TO ONE OF KING TUTANKHAMEN'S SHIRTS.



2. CURVED IN THE MODERN STYLE, AND EXQUISITELY CARVED: THE HANDLE OF A CEREMONIAL WALKING-STICK, WITH FIGURES TYPICAL OF THE KING'S FOES.



3. THE LION A ROYAL EMBLEM IN ANCIENT EGYPT AS IN MODERN BRITAIN: ONE OF THE HEADS ON TUTANKHAMEN'S CORONATION CHAIR.



4. VERY SIMILAR TO ARTICLES OF THAT KIND IN MODERN USE: A WINE-STRAINER IN SEMI-TRANSLUCENT ALABASTER.



5. A PERSONAL ORNAMENT 3000 YEARS AGO AS TO-DAY: EIGHT MASSIVE GOLD RINGS EXQUISITELY INLAID WITH COLOURED FAIENCE.

The modernity of many of the objects found in the Tomb of Tutankhamen, on which Mr. Howard Carter (as mentioned on our front page) will shortly lecture in London, is one of the most striking features of ancient Egyptian art. The full descriptions of the articles here illustrated are as follows: (1) A faience polychrome collarette which was attached to one of the shirts of the King. The illustration depicts the collarette reconstructed in the exact order of pendants and beads. It was found in one of the caskets in the tomb. The pendants represent flowers and floral petals, and are of brilliant colours; (2) A ceremonial walking stick, on

the handle of which are carved two foes of the King, symbolising northern and southern enemies of Egypt. The Asiatic type (left) is of ivory; the other is of ebony, and they are unique in Egyptian art. The dress of these prisoners is of thin sheet gold, inlaid with coloured stones; (3) A lion's head (enlarged) in the King's Coronation Chair, shown on page 529; (4) A wine-strainer in semi-translucent alabaster, similar in design to those of the classic period, but at least 900 years before; (5) Eight gold rings found in a neck-cloth—the loot of a robber. These rings are inlaid coloured faience, of exquisite workmanship.

THE CORONATION CHAIR OF AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN KING.

THE "TIMES" WORLD COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK, EXPEDITION; LENT BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES AND THE DIRECTOR OF THE EGYPTIAN DEPARTMENT.



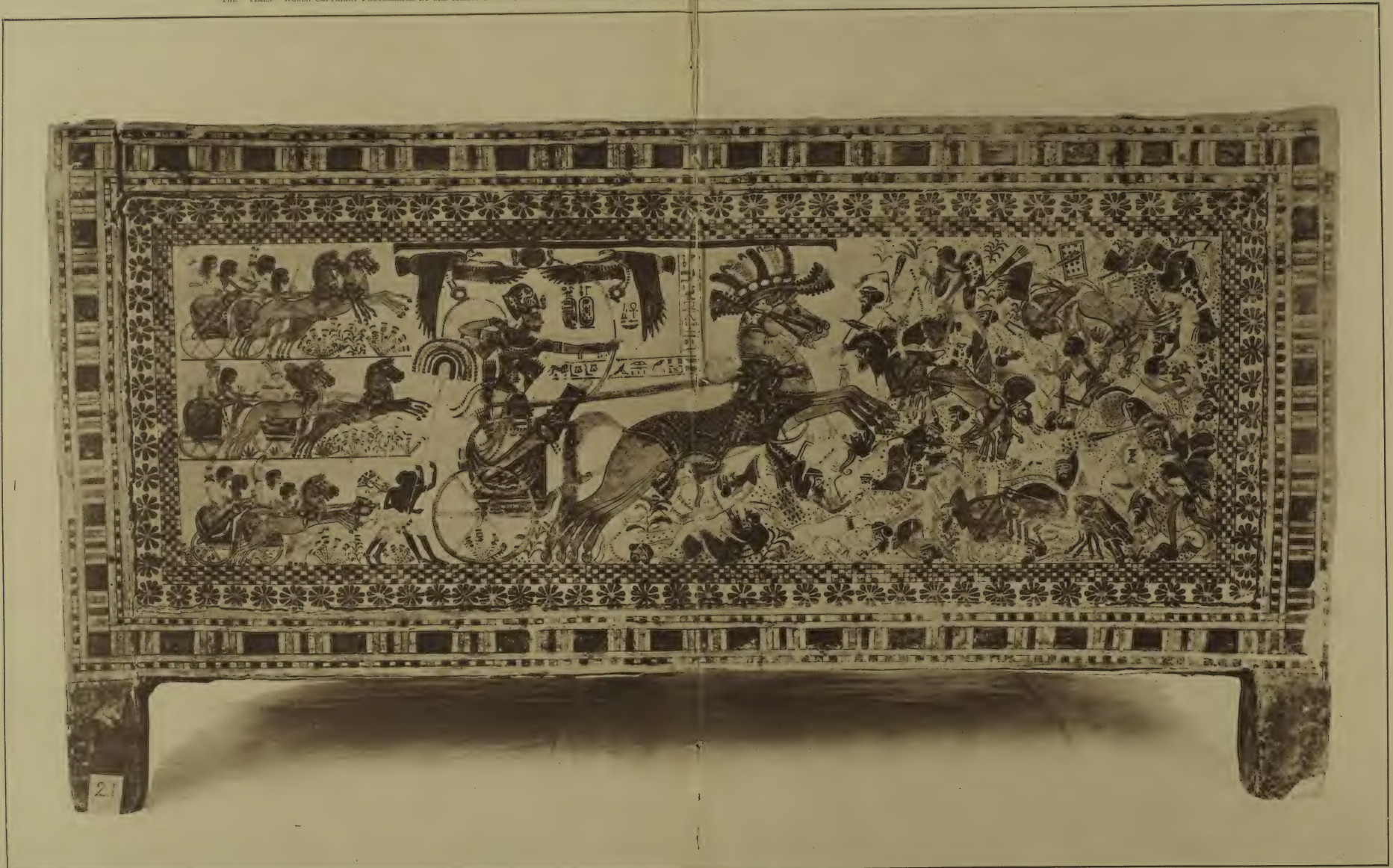
CONTAINING, ON THE BACK PANEL, THE FINEST TABLEAU EVER DISCOVERED IN EGYPT: TUTANKHAMEN'S CORONATION THRONE, COVERED WITH SHEET GOLD AND ADORNED WITH POLYCHROME GLASS, FAIENCE, AND STONE INLAY.

The King's Coronation Throne is one of the greatest treasures as yet removed from the Tomb of Tutankhamen. It is overlaid with sheet gold and richly adorned with exquisite polychrome glass, faience, and stone inlay. Its legs, of feline form, are surmounted with lions' heads in chased gold of beautiful simplicity. The arms are formed of crowned and winged serpents supporting with

their wings the King's cartouches. Between the vertical supports of the back are six protective cobras with crowns and solar discs. The back panel, the finest tableau ever discovered in Egypt, comprises a scene depicting the King and Queen in the palace. The picture is of inlaid polychrome glass, faience, and stones of finest workmanship. Above the King and Queen is the sun's disc radiating life.

THE WORK OF A WAR ARTIST OF AN EGYPTIAN KING THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

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SHOWING THE KING'S WAR-DOGS ATTACKING HIS FOES: THE BATTLE SCENE OF THE ASIATICS—A VIVID PAINTING ON A CASKET FOUND IN TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB.

The Battle Scene of the Asiatics, as it is called, is a miniature painting on one of the panels of a casket found in the Tomb of Tutankhamen. The King is here represented slaughtering his northern, or Asiatic, enemies. The picture is full of movement and gives a magnificent sense of action. Tutankhamen himself is shown in his chariot drawing his bow, with his sheaths of arrows rattling at his side, while the slain fall under him as before a pestilence. An interesting detail is the presence of the two dogs, wearing collars, seen beneath the horses attacking some of their master's fallen foes. A number of other objects from

the famous tomb are illustrated elsewhere in this issue, and on the front page is a portrait of Mr. Howard Carter, who is shortly to lecture in London on the great discovery. In his recent lecture on the subject at Edinburgh he said that, while the modern world might surpass ancient Egypt in material discoveries, such as steam and electricity, yet culture in the domain of art was in many ways higher in those times than to-day. It was stated recently that the Egyptian Ministry of Public Works had decided to add a new wing to the Cairo Museum, at a cost of £28,000, specially to house the Tutankhamen treasures.

THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN FORM OF BIG-GAME SHOOTING: A KING HUNTING LIONS WITH BOW AND ARROW.

THE "TIMES" WORLD COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK, EXPEDITION; LENT BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES AND THE DIRECTOR OF THE EGYPTIAN DEPARTMENT.



TUTANKHAMEN AS A BIG-GAME HUNTER: LION-SHOOTING WITH DOGS—A MAGNIFICENT MINIATURE PAINTING, FAR SURPASSING ANY PERSIAN EXAMPLE, ON A CASKET FOUND IN THE TOMB.

What modern sportsman would care to tackle lions in a light chariot and armed only with bow and arrows? Such was the form of big-game shooting enjoyed by King Tutankhamen, as depicted in this magnificent miniature painting on the lid of a casket found in his tomb. In the centre we see the King in his chariot showering arrows among a crowd of lions

and lionesses. Behind him follow courtiers, bowmen, and charioteers. The wealth of detail, the sense of movement, and the agonised expression on the faces of the dying animals, cause this work to rank among the finest of its kind, far surpassing Persian examples of the art. Underneath the royal horses will be observed a hound biting a wounded lion.

AN EXCITING MOMENT IN PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING: A FINE PHOTOGRAPH.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



SHOOTING DRIVEN PARTRIDGES COMING OVER THE GUNS: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF ACTION AT THE CRITICAL MOMENT, TAKEN IN BEDFORDSHIRE AT A SPANIEL TRIAL MEETING.

We give this illustration for the benefit of our sporting readers, as a remarkably fine and uncommon photograph of action in the shooting of partridges. It is very typical of the sport, and gives a vivid impression of the critical moment when the

driven birds come over the guns and firing is in progress. The photograph was taken recently at the third field trial meeting of the English Springer Spaniel Club, at Wootton, near Bedford.

"Bright as Steel": Wally Paget Notes.

"EMBASSIES OF OTHER DAYS; AND FURTHER RECOLLECTIONS": BY LADY PAGET.*

COMMENTING on Lord Clarendon's wish that her husband should be transferred from Copenhagen to Mexico, "Wally" Paget wrote: "Without any undue vanity I may say that we were more dignified representatives of the Queen and more people of the world than many of the other diplomats of our standing, and it would have only been natural to select for such a post as Mexico persons whose polish was not quite bright enough for a European Court. Of course, we never dreamt of accepting the post."

The use of "we" is illuminating, and it is natural enough: man and wife were very evidently one in the subtle, formal, anxious world that is diplomacy. In ancient Gothic, Walburga means "bright as steel,"

horses abreast and, when she was over eighty, was in her carriage when the trio jumped a gate into a field; the Empress of Austria, in '84, striding in the Prater so quickly that her breathless Lady-in-Waiting was in tears as she followed her, and other Ladies had to be stationed at intervals along the road ready to relieve their walked-out fellows; our present King, "short, dark, round-faced, and full of fun and 'go'"; King Edward VII., so democratic that his labourers thought that he wished them to vote for a Socialist and demagogue, and did so; Queen Victoria, in '58—"much better looking and taller than she had been described to me, and extremely kind. . . . The Queen, Princess Royal, and all the ladies here wear

Burg, he was, to his great astonishment, taken to see the body. When he came back he said: 'His expression is quite peaceful, only he has such an odd kind of night-cap drawn over his forehead.'

"Then he blew his brains out!"—I said this only to A. and the Reuss's, who came to say good-bye. They all thought me quite mad, and the Princess said the night-cap was to keep ice on his forehead. In the meanwhile I had written to Count Wilczek, the confidant of the Crown Prince and a great friend of mine, to ask him to come and see me before I left. I at once asked him if I had guessed right, and he answered: 'Nothing has been spared to our poor Emperor.'

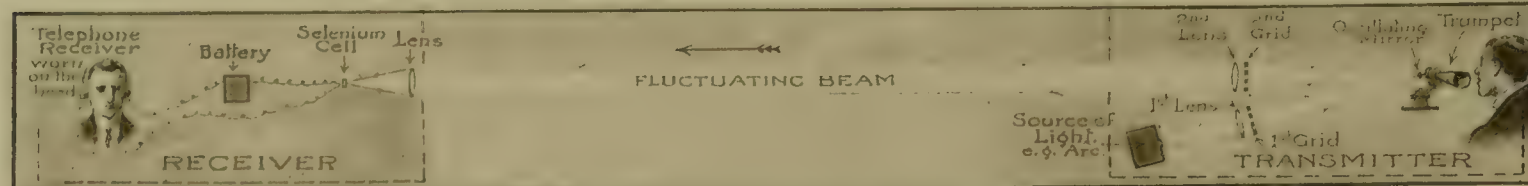
The shock to the Emperor was terrible; to the Empress it was even worse. On the first anniversary of the tragedy Lady Paget wrote of her: "Having led a life of unalloyed selfishness, worshipping her own health and beauty as the only objects of life, she has nothing but

herself to fall back on. At the New Year she refused all congratulations and begged that on no occasion whatever were they to be repeated to her. The palace guard has orders never to take any notice of her carriage, the sentinels present no arms, the ladies and gentlemen, the employees and servants of the Burg, when they meet her on the stairs or in the passages must pass on without saluting or looking at her. . . . She has given away every jewel she possesses. . . . She has become a ghost during her own life."

Then, to return to "home affairs," a romantic story of Wellington. A charming old lady, Mlle. de Frohrip, told it, explaining a bow of black velvet she always wore in her snow-white hair. A young Englishman staying at Weimar to learn German paid "attention" to her, and was her cavalier at a large sleighing party by torchlight. "We arrived at the chateau in the woods where, after a merry supper, we danced all night. Arthur never left me and I walked on air. At the end, he wrapped me in my furs, and went to look for his sleigh. On the top of the staircase my foot slipped and I fell down right to the bottom. For four months I lay unconscious, and when I woke Arthur was gone. I tried to rise and walk, but I could only move backwards: there was an injury to the brain, and this lasted for years, and the black bow lies on the place upon which I fell."

"And Arthur?" I whispered, under my breath. "He is now the Duke of Wellington."

But one might quote indefinitely, and always vital matter. Many a bouquet should be the lot of the diarist: all will want to "bunch" her, as the Americans had it—perhaps have it still when they "say it with flowers." E. H. G.



SHOWN AT THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION EXHIBITION: THE PHOTOPHONE, AN APPARATUS FOR TRANSMITTING SPEECH BY LIGHT.

In connection with the British Association meeting at Liverpool an exhibition of the latest developments of applied science was arranged for the first time. Among the exhibits is Dr. A. O. Rankine's Photophone, an apparatus for transmitting speech by light. Daily demonstrations of its use are given, and speeches made in other rooms transmitted to a room in the Exhibition. Words spoken into the transmitter cause the intensity of the beams to fluctuate, and these fluctuations are reproduced in a telephone-receiver by means of a selenium cell.—[Drawn by W. B. Robinson. By Courtesy of the Inventor, Dr. A. O. Rankine.]

and never were godfathers and godmothers better prophets: the little witch whose "disgraceful" red-auburn hair was kept under by leaden combs and Macassar was ever keen of observation, and, as she grew in years and wisdom, she did not dull; on the contrary, the edge of her wit was sharpened.

Doubtless, she owed something to heredity. Her father was Charles Frederic Anthony, Count Hohen-thal, head of his house and owner of large estates in Saxony, Prussia, and some of the smaller German Duchies; a man so rigorously brought up that, as a cure for delicacy, he was almost starved, and was driven by sheer hunger to eat the ends of tallow candles, treatment which did, in fact, leave him wiry and with such strength of nervous power that he could endure almost any fatigue—one who could speak with fiery eloquence and unusual political insight, humorous and imaginative, and with the gift of tongues. Her mother was Countess Loida Emilie Neidhardt von Gneisenau, daughter of the famous Field-Marshal Count Gneisenau—"just and generous, rigidly truthful, but rather severe. . . the *grande dame* of the old régime."

But it was to herself she was most indebted. That is evident from her Memoirs, which, it should be noted, were written in Vienna between 1883 and 1893, and have been published as then set down—"a string of beads," as she herself puts it, "with many gaps between them"; but still an ornament distinguished among others for its form, and for its fire.

Always she has the sure touch, and her little pictures of characters "curious and curiouse" are fascinatingly alive—just as are her miniatures of places and of things. She covers from 1839 to 1893, and ever shrewdly, "Captain-Cuttle-ing" frankly, and noting everything vividly—from the rouged babies of the Paris of '74 to Whistler, whose work she describes as "like foggy Velasquez"; from those days of the middle 'fifties when cholera was in Germany and "the dead and dying were carried about in baskets, with a bell-ringer before them to warn people to get out of the way," to those of the Lord Malmesbury who told that "Lord Byron bought every year a goose to fatten for Michaelmas, and it used to be slung under his travelling carriage. When Michaelmas came he was so fond of the goose that he could not allow it to be killed, and he ended by travelling with six or seven geese slung under his carriage"; from the Lord Alfred Paget of '58, whose clothes, even at night, "were tattered and torn"; to the Duchess of Cleveland who wore anklets when she was a girl; to "Cupid" Palmerston in love; Richard Burton, with his kohl-stained under-eyelids; Prince John of Holstein Glücksburg, with false calves slipped round to the front, at Windsor; Anthony Trollope, "rough, heavy, persevering, and rather vulgar, like his books, but interesting"; Gladstone with comforter and Catherine with flying elf-locks and loosely hanging stockings; the Archduke Louis Victor of Austria, "much like a reproduction, on blotting paper, of his brother, the ill-fated Maximilian"; and the semi-idiotic Emperor Ferdinand who knew better than to agree that a single-headed bird could be an eagle.

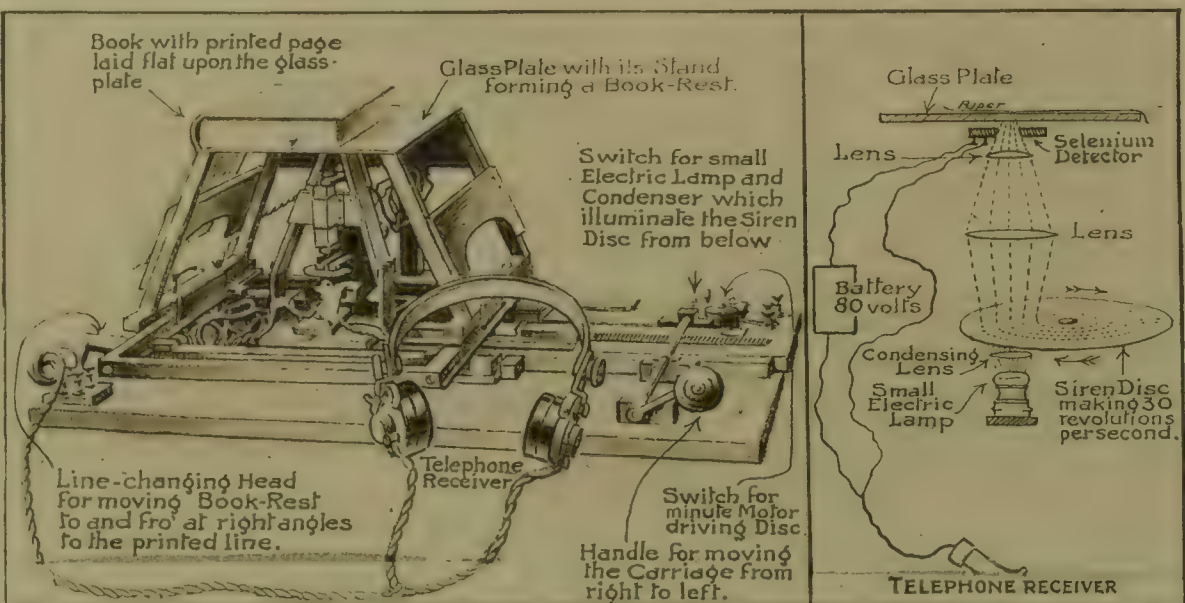
And so to many another notable: the Lady Howard de Walden who drove three great black

coloured woollen petticoats: it is the prettiest and most comfortable thing you can imagine. I should like to get one for myself, and will you tell me, dear aunt, whether I am to buy one for you too for the autumn at Knauthayn? It would be charming! (In those days none but white petticoats and stockings were known on the Continent)."

Royalties figure very frequently. So far as our own are concerned there is, perhaps, not very much that will be new to the older generation, save, in part, the story of the diplomatic moves that brought about the wedding of the Prince of Wales (King Edward VII.) and Princess "Alix"; but with regard to those of Germany and Austria, in particular, there is a great deal which is of exceptional value.

There are several points, for instance, about the ex-Kaiser. Here is one: "The doctors and nurses never found out that Prince William's arm had been injured in birth, and it was Countess Bluecher who, on the second or third morning, when assisting at the baby's bath, first noticed the poor little arm hanging helplessly down. The doctors were then called, but it was found to have been wrenched out of the socket, and it was too late to put it back."

Then the tragedy of the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria and Marie Vetsera—their death together at Meyerling: "they were both found dead in bed, she with her hands crossed over a bouquet of flowers on her breast." The "mystery" is still unsolved, according to some, although there would seem little doubt as to what happened. The unhappy pair agreed to die together, and the Prince shot his lover and then himself. The latter fact Lady Paget realised after her husband had been to the Imperial Castle. "The Crown Prince was brought to Vienna at the dead of night, and when A. went the next morning to the



SHOWN AT THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION EXHIBITION: THE OPTOPHONE—FOR ENABLING THE BLIND TO READ BY SOUND.

The Optophone makes each letter record a different sound, conveyed to the reader through ear-pieces. This is done by means of selenium, which responds electrically to every change in the light falling on it. The apparatus was invented by Dr. E. E. Fournier d'Albe, and has been modified and developed in this country by Professor A. Barr, of Glasgow, who lectured on it at the Exhibition. Demonstrations were also given by a blind woman.—[Drawn by W. B. Robinson.]

*"Embassies of Other Days; and Further Recollections." By Walburga, Lady Paget. Two volumes. (Hutchinson; 42s. net.)

"DELEND A EST CARTHAGO": MODERN VANDALS OBEY ROME'S BEHEST.

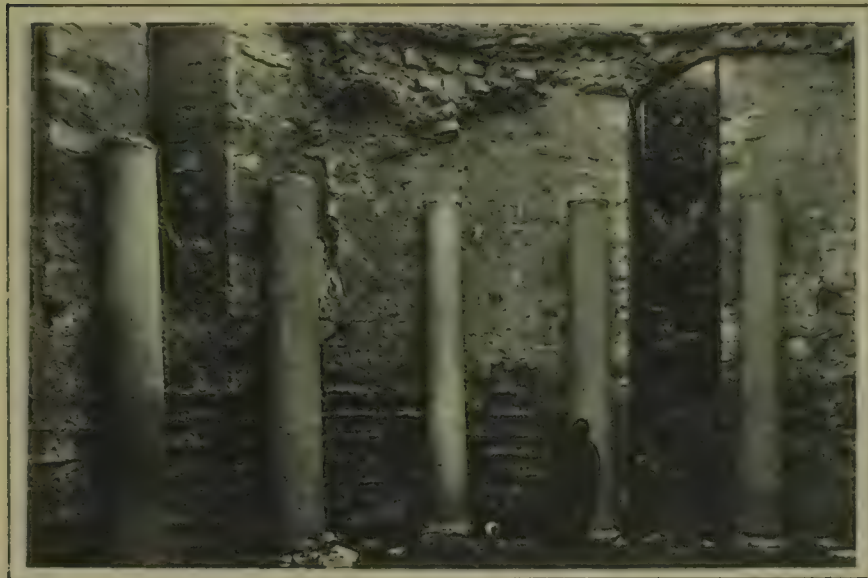
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DR. CARTON, M. JAUBERT DE BÉNAC, AND MM. DECONCLOIT AND BONNEMAISON.



VANDALISM AT CARTHAGE: COLUMNS OF THE "ADMIRALTY ISLET" RECENTLY SMASHED.

PUNIC REMAINS EXPLOITED BY BUILDERS: EXCAVATIONS AT CARTHAGE USED AS A QUARRY.

THE STONES OF CARTHAGE USED TO BUILD MODERN VILLAS: NATIVES REMOVING A SECTION OF A PILLAR.



AS IT WAS IN APRIL 1922: THE SUBTERRANEAN ROTUNDA OF THE BASILICA OF DAMOUS EL KARITA, ON THE SITE OF CARTHAGE.

AS IT WAS IN APRIL 1923: THE SAME ROTUNDA WITH ITS COLUMNS BROKEN AND ITS MOSAIC PAVEMENT RIPPED AWAY.



AS IT WAS IN AUGUST 1922: THE SANCTUARY OF TANIT EXCAVATED ON THE SITE OF CARTHAGE, FULL OF ANCIENT ALTARS, URNS, AND SMALL PILLARS.

"Delenda est Carthago" (Carthage must be blotted out) was the watchword of Rome in her wars with the proud Punic city which disputed with her the mastery of Europe. The Romans destroyed Carthage in 146 B.C., but the doom which they had pronounced against her seems still to pursue her ruins to-day. The site has become a suburb of Tunis, and a happy hunting-ground of the speculative builder, intent on the works of villadom and indifferent to historical associations. Last year, it may be recalled, French archæologists excavating the site made some very interesting and important discoveries, and it was stated last April that the French Resident-General in Tunis had arranged for their protection. At the same time it was pointed out that the task was difficult in a country where

AS IT WAS IN APRIL 1923: THE UNPROTECTED SANCTUARY OF TANIT, WITH THE ALTARS, URNS, AND PILLARS SMASHED BY FALLEN SOIL.

colonisation was actively proceeding and land constantly being bought, while public funds for guarding antiquities were insufficient. The deplorable condition into which the ruins have been since allowed to fall has recently been made public in the French Press by M. Jaubert de Bénac, of the Society called Les Amis de Carthage, who is to manage a series of performances of classical plays to be given in the old Roman theatre at Carthage next April. Our photographs show the fate that has befallen the excavations. There is no space here to give further particulars, for which we must refer our readers to M. de Bénac's article in "L'Illustration" of August 11. It is comforting to know that he thinks Carthage can still be saved if adequate protective measures are promptly put into force.



SET A THIEF—



VIII. FLYAWAY KATE.

By RALPH DURAND, Author of "The Mind Healers," "John Temple," and "Spacious Days."

DICKSON'S Family Hotel, Eglinton Street, is the least little bit on the dingy side. The chests of drawers in the cheaper rooms are apt to stick. The water from the hot-water taps in the bath-room is seldom more than warm. And though the menu is written in French, the whole of the five courses served at dinner scarcely amount to one square meal. The hotel's most valuable asset is its reputation for unimpeachable respectability. Nervous maiden ladies who come up to London for the summer sales or for Christmas shopping are confident that under its roof they are as safe from risk of disagreeable adventures as they would be in the sleepest of cathedral closes. If anything happened to tarnish that reputation Mrs. Dickson, the proprietress, might as well go out of business, for her connection would be ruined.

It was in the desperate hope of finding means to avert such a disaster that Mrs. Dickson one evening sent for Mr. Albert Mayo. For the first time since she went into business her hotel had been contaminated by the presence of a thief. To give an edge to the disaster, the client who had been robbed was the most distinguished guest Mrs. Dickson had ever had. The robbed lady demanded compensation to the extent of one hundred and eighty-five pounds, with a threat that if the money were not forthcoming she would set in motion the whole machinery of the law. It was true that under the Innkeepers' Liability Act Mrs. Dickson's liability was limited to thirty pounds, since the stolen property had not been placed in her care. But this did not comfort her. She could obtain no advantage from the Act without defending herself in an open court, which would entail publicity and the certain loss of custom worth far more than the sum demanded. Since she had not a hundred and eighty-five pounds available, she sent in despair for the converted burglar who preached every Sunday at the chapel that stood at the less fashionable end of the street of which Dickson's Family Hotel was the principal ornament. She had no very clear idea of what he could do for her, but she felt that, being a Christian minister, he would at least be sympathetic, and as an ex-burglar it was possible that he might know of a means by which she might recover part at least of her client's property without exposing herself to the ruinous publicity of the courts. And it was with fervent gratitude that she greeted him when her messenger ushered him into her private office.

"So good of you to come," she said, in a voice that was tremulous with the after-effects of tears. "I'm in such trouble I hardly know which way to look for help. It's taught me a lesson that I shan't forget in a hurry, and that is, never to break through my rule. I have always until now refused to admit foreigners and—"

"Let's have the story from the beginning, Ma'am," suggested Mayo. "The hall-porter that fetched me said that someone in your hotel had been robbed."

"Of a hundred and twenty-five pounds in notes and a diamond brooch worth sixty pounds," corroborated Mrs. Dickson. "It wouldn't have happened if I had not put myself out and split up the suite to suit her wishes. She said that, being a Princess, she was accustomed to good accommodation, and at her first coming she made me show her all the bed-rooms in the house. And then nothing would please her but she must have the bed-room of a suite. The whole suite, you know, is bed-room, dressing-room, and

bath-room. She said she must have that particular bed-room, as she wouldn't be comfortable anywhere else. It's got a telephone and other conveniences, and the wardrobe is real mahogany. But she said that she did not want the dressing-room, and so I wasn't to charge her for it. It was weak of me to break up the suite like that—I could have let the whole only yesterday, and to a good customer too—but she talked so much, and she had such a way of being accustomed to be obeyed, that, she being the first Princess I had ever had to do with, I gave way to her."

"Who is this Princess?" asked Mayo, groping rather blindly for the salient features of Mrs. Dickson's story. "Is she the person you suspect of being the thief?"

"Good gracious, no! She's the one that has been robbed. And, as I'm telling you, it all comes of her insisting on having the suite bed-room. As I say, I ought never to have given in to her. But it did seem such a catch to have a Princess in the house, even though she's only a Russian one. In my business, you see, it looks well to have letters addressed to the aristocracy stuck up in the letter-rack. But I saw from the first that I'd have trouble with her, and nothing but trouble have I had since she came—the wine not good enough for her, and wanting dishes that aren't on the menu, and all."

"But how did she come to be robbed?" asked Mayo patiently.

"Well, you see, the house has been very full lately, and when Miss Stevens came—at least she said her name was Miss Stevens—there was nowhere else to put her except the dressing-room of the suite. The Princess made a fuss about it, but I stood firm. I thought it about time. Well, this woman that called herself Miss Stevens left at lunch time to-day, and not until after she had gone did we discover that she was a burglar in disguise. We found that she had broken into the Princess's room from the dressing-room and burst open the Princess's dressing-bag, and taken the bank-notes and the diamond brooch. The Princess did not discover it till she went up to change for dinner half an hour ago. And where this person who called herself Miss Stevens has gone to is more than I can say. She didn't leave any address."

"She wouldn't have gone there if she had. Do you know, at any rate, where she came from?"

"I only know that it was somewhere on the Continent. The porter noticed that there were foreign labels on her luggage."

"Grand Hotel du Lac, Montreux, was it? A friend of mine at Scotland Yard was telling me to-day of a notorious English criminal who has been there recently and is supposed to have slipped across to England. The Swiss police sent a warning. Flyaway Kate is the name that the English police know her by. In England she always gives herself out to be some kind of a foreigner. In Paris she poses as an American, because the Americans are so rich; and in Switzerland she passes as an Englishwoman, because the Swiss have such a high opinion of British honesty that it's easy for an English crook to do them down. All sorts of games she gets up to. Sometimes theft, sometimes blackmail, sometimes passing dud cheques. The police never know what she'll be up to next, and that makes it extra difficult to catch her. What was this person who called herself Miss Stevens like to look at?"

Mrs. Dickson thought hard.

"Gray hair, spectacles, timid manner. I should have said she wouldn't have known how to say 'bo' to a goose. It just shows how one can never trust appearances."

"It doesn't sound like the description of Flyaway Kate, but she's probably good at disguising herself. They'd be able to tell me better at Scotland Yard. If you like I'll go there and—"

"Anything but that!" exclaimed Mrs. Dickson earnestly. "I'd rather mortgage the hotel and pay the Princess that way. It is said that you know all the criminals and where to look for them, and I thought perhaps if you could get a clue and find Miss Stevens you could make her give the money back. But I wouldn't have Scotland Yard interfere. I couldn't afford the scandal. I couldn't really. I told the Princess so."

"Ah! It's a pity you did that," said Mayo drily. "Well, I don't know as I've ever run across Flyaway Kate, but I'll see what I can do. Let's have a look at the Princess's rooms for a start. I'll be able to see how the thief got in, anyway, and maybe pick up a clue."

"Thank you ever so much," said Mrs. Dickson, "but mind you—no publicity."

A tall, stately lady in sober-hued but beautifully cut clothes turned in her chair, with a start of surprise, as Mayo was ushered into the room. She recovered herself and bowed haughtily.

"Is zis ze policeman I directed you to send for, Miss Deekson?" she demanded.

Mrs. Dickson faltered.

"He's not exactly a policeman—"

The Princess sprang to her feet. The veneer of court breeding seemed suddenly blown away by savage Tartar fury. "Not a policeman!" she shouted. "And all zis time zat woman who robbed me is getting furzer and furzer away. Do zometing, queeck! queeck! Am I to lose all?"

Mayo, unperturbed by the lady's royal rage, examined the door that led to the dressing-room. It was easy to see how the entry had been made. The wood of the door on the far side of the bolt had been cut away, probably with a sharp chisel, and a hole made, large enough to allow the bolt to be grasped with a pair of fine pincers and thrust back. He turned to the table and examined a dressing-case that lay on it. Its lock had been forced, probably also with a chisel. Then without waiting for an invitation he seated himself and addressed the Princess.

"Now, your Royal Highness, I must ask you to compose yourself a bit and answer a few questions. It's a bad business for you, of course—"

"It's not a bad business for me," snapped the Princess, shrugging her shoulders. "Miss Deekson must catch the tef or pay me what I have lost. *Cela m'est égal.*"

"Did anyone in this hotel know where you kept the money and the brooch?" persisted Mayo.

"Ze chambermaid, when she came in this morning wiz my tea, she saw zem on ze table. She said I must put zem away. I directed her to put zem in zat bag, lock it and give me ze key."

"The chambermaid has been in my service fifteen years," said Mrs. Dickson. "She would never dream of—"

"Breaking into a room with a chisel while she had the key of it on her bunch," interrupted Mayo. "No, we'll rule the chambermaid out of it. Now,

tell me, your Royal Highness—I suppose you saw the woman Mrs. Dickson let the dressing-room to. Had you ever seen her before?"

The Princess made a superb gesture of disdain.

"Nevaire. I do not consort with criminals."

"I was thinking she may have seen you abroad somewhere and thought you worth robbing and followed you here. I see you have been abroad recently."

Mayo pointed to a travelling trunk on which a label, "Hotel des Ambassadeurs, Paris," was pasted over another of which only the letters AC and X were visible. "Where were you before you were in Paris?"

"At—at—what is ze name of ze place? Ah! I have it! Château d'Oex."

"You weren't ever at the Grand Hotel du Lac, Montreux?"

"Nevaire."

"We'll pass on to the next question. What were the numbers of the notes?"

"How do I know! When I have travelled in England before the revolution I was rich. I have my entourage. My equerry attend to such things. Now"—the Princess's voice quavered piteously—"I have lost my friends, my property, everything. I am poor and in exile. And now I have lost ze last of the family jewels."

Suddenly the Princess's anger blazed out again. "It's all ze fault of Miss Deekson," she shouted. "I forbade her to put someone in my dressing-room, and now instead of catching zat someone, you talk—talk—talk. It is intolerable. I tink Mees Deekson does not wish to catch ze tief. She is afraid all the lady pussy-cats, her guests, will hear of it and go away and nevaire come back. *Eh bien!* Pay me what I have lost, Mees Deekson, and I say noting."

"Did the chambermaid count the notes?" continued Mayo calmly.

"But of course not. Is it likely I should allow—"

"Then what proof have you that there were a hundred and twenty-five pounds' worth of them?"

"What proof?" Catherine the Great never looked at any wretch grovelling under the knout with more disdain than the Princess looked at the unperturbed Mayo. "Have I not told you? Do you disbelieve a Princess? But I forgot. I am no longer a Princess. I am only a poor woman, so poor that I have to live in a dirty hotel like zis. I came to England for refuge because I tought ze English were noble and good. But I find zey first rob me and zen doubt my word."

She buried her face in her hands, her shoulders shook with sobs, and when she looked up again the powder on her cheeks was streaked with tears. "Very well, zen. Never mind ze money. Pay me for ze

brooch and I say no more. I can prove he is worth sixty pounds. I have ze invoice."

She took a folded piece of paper from her purse and handed it to Mayo. He looked at it, and, quite regardless of the respect due to royalty, whistled.

"Your family jewels were bought in London, I see," he remarked. "Did you buy the brooch or did someone give it to you?"

"It was give to me. By a very dear friend."

"And he gave you the invoice too, so as to let you see what he paid for it; of course. Well, he may have told you that the stones in the brooch were diamonds. But they weren't. They were paste. If you look carefully at those figures, you will see that the '6' is in one kind of ink and the 'o' in another kind. Six pounds is all he paid for it."

"Am I to lose everything to-day?" cried the Princess, in heart-broken tones. "My money, my brooch, and now I find my dearest friend cheated me!"

She sighed dolefully and wiped a tear from her eyes. Then she displayed a business ability remarkable in one accustomed to be guarded by a suite of officials.

"But I zink you will not wish me to tell my story in ze Law Courts, eh? Give me tirty pound and I will ask nozzing more. It is ver' little after I lose so much, but I will take tirty pound."

Mrs. Dickson heaved a deep sigh of relief.

"I'll do that and welcome," she said.

"Wait a minute," said Mayo. "This lady can call the chambermaid as a witness that this morning she had some bank-notes and a brooch that turns out to be paste. But for all we know she has still got them. She hasn't yet proved that they have been stolen."

"What!" The Princess rose to her feet, reeled, and staggered back against the dressing-table. Her anguish was now so real that her foreign accent gave place to one usually heard on the lips of those born within sound of Bow Bells, and some of the words she used were such as are traditionally associated with Billingsgate.

"What! What the devil are you giving us? Can't you believe yer own blasted eyes? Don't you think you can bamboozle me! I know a stinking pounce when I see one. Who d'you think broke that bleeding door open? Just you tell me that!"

"Why, I believe you did it yourself—for a blind like—after Miss Stevens left. Although no one could come in here from the dressing-room while that door remained bolted, it was easy enough for you to go into the dressing-room any time you liked. Now just wait a minute. I'll have something to say later."

Mayo picked up the telephone receiver.

"Hullo! Double nine, double one, please, Miss. Holloa! Is that Scotland Yard? About that woman the Swiss police warned you they believed to

be in England? Well, I've reason to believe that she's at Dickson's Family Hotel, masquerading as a Russian Princess and trying to work a sort of black-mail stunt on the landlady. Right you are. I'll keep her till you come."

But the Princess had picked up her hat and flown before Mayo had finished.

"She's gone," he said, with a chuckle, "leaving you her luggage—though I doubt if there's much of value in it—to pay for her bill and the damage she's done. I smelt a rat when I saw how careful she had been to get the chambermaid as evidence on her side. Ladies don't usually show their valuables to hotel servants who have the keys of their rooms. Well, she won't trouble you any more."

"But the police will," said Mrs. Dickson dolefully, "and it'll be in all the papers."

"No, it won't. I didn't forget that you wanted the police kept out of the business. You see—I don't know whose number 9911 is, but it isn't Scotland Yard's."

As he spoke there was a rap at the door, and the hotel porter put his head into the room.

"Mr. Simmonds, from Scotland Yard, to see you, Mum," he said, and gave place to a man wearing the unmistakable air of mingled secrecy and shrewdness that zealous detectives can never wholly conceal.

"Are you the lady who owns this hotel, Ma'am?" he asked. "I want to know if you have had a party here passing under the name of Miss Stevens."

Mrs. Dickson and Mayo looked at each other in amazement.

"This Miss Stevens, as she calls herself," continued Simmonds, "was arrested an hour ago on an extradition warrant from Switzerland. On being searched the sum of one hundred and twenty-five pounds in notes was found in her possession, and, as hotels are her especial hunting grounds, we thought that, seeing as she is known to have been here recently, the money was very likely stolen from one of your guests."

Mayo thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets.

"Well, I'm——" He remembered the cloth he had adopted before he finished his sentence. "Simmonds, if you ever find yourself getting too clever, come to me and I'll tell you a story against myself. I've half a mind to write it for the picture magazines and call it 'The Bilker Bilked.' I'll tell it you now if you'll promise to keep this lady's name out of it. But, look here, you're sure about this Miss Stevens?"

"Sure. She's as well known to the police as ever you were, Mayo. Why, I was telling you about her only this morning. We call her Flyaway Kate."

"Then who," asked Mrs. Dickson, "was the Princess?"

[THE END.]



Mayo, unperturbed by the lady's royal rage, examined the door that led to the dressing-room.

DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

ENTENTE CORDIALE: ABOUT ENGLISH ACTING.

ONCE a year my Continental friend comes to London to see all there is to be seen in the World of our Theatre. He is not exactly a dramatic critic now, although formerly he was a much considered judge at home. But journalism abroad leads to all kinds of high places, so they made him literary adviser to the National Theatre—some said to muzzle his very outspoken criticism of that institution. As Alphonse Karr said: "Pour faire taire un député faites-en un ministre."

He takes his business seriously. You will find him in Paris, in Vienna, in Rome, in Scandinavia; it costs him more than three times his honorarium, but, like myself, he is an enthusiast, and wants to know everything everywhere. At home in his study you find piles of books—Shaw as well as Archer—and a bookseller in St. Martin's Lane has a standing order to send him any play that is published; needless to say, the same orders are lodged in the other capitals! (How the man ever sleeps, heaven only knows!) And you have but to mention a title, when he leaps at you like a leopard, and in torrential eloquence pours out characteristics and criticism of the work.

Now when in London we do the round in September, when the *premières* are as bountiful as a bunch of grapes, and each year he summarises for my benefit his observations of progress. For he is an admirer of our theatre, and—it sounds comforting when we hear so much croaking—he thinks that we are not sufficiently appreciative of our playwrights. He thinks that the younger generation has something to say, and slyly he always adds: "You must not forget that your dramatists have merely liberty, while in Paris, Vienna, and Berlin (oh, Berlin!) they have license. You have your bed-room scenes, and secretly I believe your people revel in them; but your four-posters are always discreetly curtained—do you get me?" What he finds strange is that it is so difficult for young authors to get a hearing in London, and that a mediocre foreign play has much greater chance of acceptance than our home spun. "But the English people love the label, eh? You remember the story of the Café de la Paix when the honest *maitre d'hôtel* said to the English guest, a *bon client* who asked for a bottle of champagne of a well-known brand, 'I do not recommend that vintage; we have a wonderful pre-war wine at half the price.' 'Show me the bottle, please.' And when it came, the guest said: 'But it has no label; take it away.' A Paris hall-mark is still preferred to 'made in England.' When Géraldy wrote 'Aimer'—clever, but laboured, and entirely unsuited to England—there was a great demand for the rights. Why? Because Paris liked it. But now that somebody has got it, who will play it? No one, except, perhaps, a Sunday Theatre."

I did not quite agree with that line of argument, although I had to admit that two great London successes would have never seen the light but for the pluck of "irregular" theatrical enterprise. The one is "At Mrs. Beam's"—discovered by the Stage Society, and afterwards produced by Mr. Norman McDermott at his Everyman Theatre with such success that it was taken up by Mr. Dennis Eadie, and is still filling the Royalty. The other is McEvoy's delectable "The Likes of Her," which Miss Lena Ashwell's "Once a Week Players," unknown to London Theatre-land, performed in outlying quarters and attracted the attention of Mr. Basil Dean. My friend waxed enthusiastic over the bill at the St. Martin's—that wonderful cameo play of Barrie's, "The Will," which I was glad to elicit, at a recent banquet, mightily pleased City magnates and

captains of industry, who but rarely take an interest in plays—and over McEvoy's comedy of the East End, so simple, so true, so warm of blood, and with its painful yet moving scenes of the young street-girl's awakening to womanhood. It is one of the most drastic



AS A VICIOUS DAUGHTER WHOSE CONDUCT IS A TRAP FOR HER FATHER'S SELF-RESPECT: MISS MADELEINE MARSHALL AS MARGARET NICHOLS IN "AMBUSH," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

The "Ambush" of Mr. Arthur Richman's play at the Garrick is set by fate for the self-respect of Walter Nichols, a conscientious American clerk. Snared by circumstances from which he cannot escape, he finds himself compelled to acquiesce in the life of shame led by his daughter Margaret.

Photograph by Foulsham and Hanfield, Ltd.

psychological studies ever ventured on the stage. "The homeopathic cure of a soul," as my friend puts it.

When we came to the acting and production, he was again full of praise. We agreed that Basil

Dean had been most astute in his selection of Mr. Esmé Percy as his producing aide-de-camp. The "Likes of Her" is like a canvas of Jan Steen or Meiriss, anglicised and brought up to date. It is real, and a rare blend of low life, spontaneous humour, and human sentiment. As for the acting, we both said and we meant it—and for once my colleague did not chide me for my being such an out-and-out pleader for English acting—that nowhere in Europe could a better ensemble be found. A pity that such a group could not be held together for ever. It contains all the material for a permanent company. I would here like to give all the actors in the two plays their due, but that would be trite reading of a long list of adjectives of praise. But I cannot resist naming four of the chief players—Leslie Banks, Mary Clare, Hermione Baddeley, and Ben Field. Mary Clare has made great strides since her first real manifestation of talent in "The Skin Game." She is an actress of rich emotion and admirable restraint. Miss Baddeley, the new-comer, is an ingénue so sincere, so wholly unaffected, so tender of pathos, yet so well endowed with humour, that great things may be expected of her. Of the girlish actresses, she and Elizabeth Arkell are the most convincing. As for Ben Field, he is typical of the East End—a little world in one character; one thinks of Dickens in a modern key. Last but not least, Leslie Banks. What a fine character actor! How deeply thought out is his work—how minute and well observed his every detail! His personality is dominant (remember the Robot!) but not obtrusive. There is some indefinable power in him that arrests and makes for sympathy beyond a rugged surface.

From the St. Martin's we went to the St. James's, and saw Arliss and Isobel Elsom in "The Green Goddess." Again we were struck: George Arliss is all we were told of him. He fringes on greatness. There would be no exaggeration in comparing him to the elder Guitry. The same firmness of grip, the same finesse in all directions. As for Isobel Elsom, fairest type of English beauty with a soul, she portrays emotion without betraying the effort. Thence to "Ambush"—another perfect cast. And the round went on until in a single week we had seen ten plays, and only one in which the acting would impel but faint praise. And that was not entirely the actors' fault. The play was French, not too pleasant, and wholly foreign to the English temperament. "English respectability masquerading as French immorality," said my friend. It was rather apt. Rarely, very rarely, do our actors succeed in maintaining in a French play a semblance of make-believe ("Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" is an exception). You cannot successfully turn a Saxon into a Latin. There is an insurmountable difference of blood-heat and vivacity. Think of some English plays as seen in Paris! Our actors may seem dull Parisians, but how do French actors strike us when trying to impersonate English society? "I should smile," as the Yankee says!

No; we, the foreigner and I, the well-seasoned London playgoer, agreed that we may well be proud of our actors of to-day. We may not have much greatness—that is another story and quite apart—we may want strengthening on the women's side, and that is merely a question of search: the material is there; if you cannot find it in London, scour the provinces and it will lead to rare discoveries. But the rank and file are splendid. Our stage is nearly entirely free of "cabotinage." We demand of our actors nowadays that they should not only impersonate, but penetrate, their parts, and it is no idle boast to assert that, on the whole, their work proves that they strive to accomplish both.



A REVOLUTION IN STAGE PHOTOGRAPHY: PAVLOVA IN "THE FAIRY DOLL," AT COVENT GARDEN—AN "INSTANTANEOUS" TAKEN FROM THE DRESS CIRCLE DURING THE PERFORMANCE.

The difficulties of taking instantaneous photographs of theatrical scenes during a performance, with ordinary stage lighting, have recently been overcome by the photographic department of the "Times." The first success was obtained with a scene from "The Perfect Fool," and another during the Guitry season. The above photograph of Mme. Pavlova in "The Fairy Doll" was taken from a seat in the dress circle at Covent Garden during her opening performance on September 10. The exposure was one-tenth of a second, and the negative was one of twenty, the exposures varying from one-tenth to one-fortieth of a second. It is hoped soon to obtain really good results at one twenty-fifth of a second in any theatre under ordinary conditions. The new process will probably eliminate the use of flash-powder.—[Photograph by the "Times."]

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HISTORICAL SPIRIT SERIES NO. 31.

STIRLING CASTLE—overlooking the Forth and the Grampian Hills. Its older portions date from early mediæval times, when the old four-arch bridge beneath it was considered to be the "Key of the Highlands."

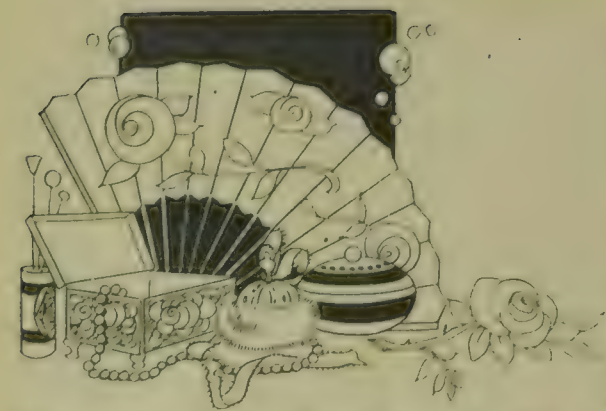
Johnnie Walker:

"It was you, Sir William, who made these Highlands famous."

**Shade of
Sir William Wallace:**

"Well, not so famed as you have made them since, Johnnie Walker."

The World of Women



THE weather in the Highlands is by no means all that can be desired, but no worse than elsewhere. The Queen is out a great deal, and enjoys the bracing breezes, of which there are no lack. As I write, the Duke and Duchess of York are still expected at Dunrobin Castle, and possibly may get better weather for their stay there by a little delay. Up to now, nice, fairly windy days have alternated with storms, but always there is some sunshine. If through calendaric correctness we call it summer, it is the worst in the far north of Scotland since 1878. Sportsmen have left in despair; the shooting was spoiled by the wind, the fishing is very poor—even that ardent disciple of Izaak Walton, the Bishop of London, has not done so well as usual this season. He did not go South so soon as he intended, and was in church at Brora last Sunday, stopping for service while his touring car waited.

Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles and Viscount Lascelles were at Doncaster. Her Royal Highness is no fair-weather racegoer. The Earl and Countess of Lonsdale entertained the Princess and her husband at the Lodge. The sporting Earl was the Princess's mentor about racing from her first meeting. Lord Lascelles is, of course, now her Turf guide, philosopher and friend, but for Lord and Lady Lonsdale she has a real friendship. Lord Harewood, Lord and Lady Jersey, and the Hon. George and Mrs. Lambton were also guests at the Lodge. It was noticed that our young Princess was wearing very business-like tailor-built clothes, and from that fact and other signs it would appear that well-built tailor coats and skirts will be in considerable favour this autumn. Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam had a house party at Wentworth-Woodhouse, said to be the largest private house in England. Lady Fitzwilliam, as becomes a Dundas, has always been a keen sportswoman, perhaps more as to hunting than racing, but a horse-lover all through.

Lord Fitzwilliam in his younger days, when riding home after a hard day's hunting, was met by the tragic news of his own death. As he had never been out of the saddle except to change horses, and no accident had happened to any member of the Hunt, it was a little difficult to make out how the false news had been disseminated. The young man was said to have been disappointed that the brief announcement was contradicted too soon for him to have been able to read his own obituary notice. All the houses in the neighbourhood were full, and the meeting was splendidly attended.

The terrible tragedy in Japan has been much discussed, and sympathy with the Japanese is almost universal, as was proved by the magnitude and quick growth of the Mansion House Relief Fund. Up in the North there were special prayers for the poor things, and all were reminded of the Mansion House Fund. Our Japanese visitors to this country gain respect for their good manners, which are an example to our own young men. Of Japanese ladies we do not see much, but those we do meet in Society are dainty, gentle, and most anxious to please. They are wonderfully clean in their persons, and their clothing inside and out is beautiful. The Japanese were loyal Allies during the war, and if we do not understand all their ways or their ideals, we like them, and do much business with them and find their art most fascinating. Friends who have travelled in Japan are full of admiration for them and for their unfailing courtesy and kindness. So beautiful and peaceful-looking is their country that those who know it find it difficult to realise that so densely populated a part of it is ruined and undone.

The Duchess of Aosta, with the younger of her two sons, the Duke of Spoleto, who arrived in England from China last week, has many friends in this country. The Duchess, once one of the most beautiful women in Europe, was brought up in England, and was married here to the King of Italy's first cousin.

His Majesty, then Crown Prince, was best man at his wedding. The elder son is a Captain in the Italian Army, and the younger a Lieutenant in his country's Navy, and was on the China station when his mother paid him a visit and they came to England together. The Duchess has always been a great lover of travel, sport, and adventure. Her mother, the late Comtesse de Paris, was one of the first women in this country to go in seriously for shooting, and was not altogether approved of by Queen Victoria in consequence. There were contemporaries of hers who stalked deer, but to shoot pheasants and partridges with men, and to do as well as many of them, was in those days rare for a lady. The late Comtesse was very manly-looking, and was possessed of a character as strong as her face. The Duke and Duchess of Aosta have only the two sons, the elder of whom stands next in succession to the Throne to the Italian Crown Prince, who has recently entered on his twentieth year and has paid more than one visit to England. The Duchess of Aosta doubtless paid Queen Alexandra a visit at Sandringham, as she has been a lifelong favourite of our Queen Mother.

The Marchioness of Londonderry, who, with the Marquess, has recently been down coal-pits in Durham, is now in the North staying with her brother and sister-in-law, Lord and Lady Chaplin, at Uppat, and sometimes with the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland at Dunrobin Castle. The Duke is, of course, her first cousin,

and they have always been good friends. Ladies Margaret, Helen, and Mary Stewart are at Brora, where Lady Londonderry spends much time with



Harrods consider that the side of this smoke-grey georgette and silver frock is the ideal site for a huge bow of royal-blue taffetas.

them. Lady Mary, now two years old, bears a quaintly close resemblance to her grandmother, the late Marchioness of Londonderry. She is the bonniest little blue-eyed, fair-haired girl possible to see; Lady Margaret is about thirteen, and Lady Helen twelve. They are handsome girls, the younger very like Lady Londonderry. Viscount Castlereagh, a tall, good-looking young man, will be twenty-one on Nov. 18—when doubtless there will be great rejoicings at Wynyard and at Mount Stewart, for the family has always been on admirable terms with all its surrounding tenants and workers. Lady Londonderry is, in other directions than her late mother-in-law, quite as brilliant in brain powers as she was. It may be that she will go even further, for she fits in better with these democratic days than her predecessor, who was always very much *grande dame*, albeit most kind of heart and generous. It is good news that Lady Londonderry has decided to write a biography of her father, the late Viscount Chaplin, more generally known as "The Squire." He was a personage in three reigns, a personality all his life, a man who was typical of the best in the good old English gentleman, and a sportsman known to all his kind as one of the best. His sense of humour was keen, and his biography (edited and written by his clever daughter) will make real good reading.

The Duchess of Sutherland has been sitting on the Bench at Dornoch. She was made a magistrate two years ago, but only made her magisterial appearance recently, as meetings are rare—crime is so little, even misdemeanours few. Her shooting and stalking, like that of everyone this season, is interfered with by high winds; and sailing, a pastime at which she is an adept, is quite impossible. Well, well; we cannot mend the weather, so all have to make the best of it, from Dukes to Dustmen. After the manner democratic, we give both of them capitals. A. E. L.



Black taffetas and white georgette are the mediums from which the charming Victorian frock on the left was evolved. It hails from Harrods, Knightsbridge, and so does the cyclamen pink dress on the right. It is enriched with fine steel beading. (See p. 542.)

The John Haig Famous Hostelry Series*"The Star," Alfriston*

Where Alfred Burned the Cakes

AN Auncient Hostelry" is "The Star" of Alfriston, an inn believed by some to be the place where King Alfred burned the cakes. The many quaint old carvings and grotesques with which the building is decorated make it one of the most picturesque in England, and give credence to the statement that the inn was built by the Abbot of Battle.

In monastic days "The Star" was the resort of many hundreds, if not thousands, of pilgrims on their way to the tomb of Richard de la Wyche, so widespread was the fame of the miracles wrought by the saintly relics. The house acquired the privileges of a church as a place of sanctuary for fugitives from civil justice, and to-day the sanctuary post may still be seen behind the entrance door.

The charm of "The Star" is incontestable, a charm that but increases as the centuries go by. So is it with the *original* John Haig Whisky, first introduced well nigh three hundred years ago. The reputation of John Haig has steadily increased, for the perfection in quality that distinguishes this fine old whisky has always made appeal to men of discriminating taste, men who find satisfaction only in the best.

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Fashions and Fancies.

The Trend of Fashion.

The fashions that are to prevail this autumn are no longer a secret: the great dress displays which are now in progress express the opinions of the leading artists in dress on both sides of the Channel.



Ostrich fronds and flowers are allied to make this pretty evening bag from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge.

list comes velvet, which may be painted or stamped, as well as embroidered.

Original Evening Dresses.

There is one thing on which the woman who visits Harrods, Knightsbridge, in search of evening dresses may rely, and that is the certainty of obtaining something really original. On page 540 are sketched three of their creations; and in each case the novelty of the design, though all conform to the new autumn fashions, marks them as far out of the ordinary. Black taffetas and white georgette are allied in the lovely Victorian



A black floral design on a steel-grey foundation is chosen for this envelope-shaped bead bag.

The majority of women will rejoice that the slim, close-fitting silhouette is not to be banished; and all those who hoped for some change in the length of the skirt can be satisfied, since it is to be considerably shorter for walking suits, and longer than before for afternoon frocks and the less youthful evening gowns. Though the fashionable outline has altered little, there is a vast variety of new materials. Embroidered fabrics, not only of the Oriental description, but of every kind, are the most favoured, and first on the

frock with its fascinating collar. The crimson fruit and green leaves that add a touch of bright colour to the skirt are expressed in velvet. Cyclamen pink georgette is embroidered with steel beads to make the attractive frock on the right, in which the long decorated panel occurs only on the left side. Two bands of the same bead embroidery, running from neck to waist, understudy the absent sleeve. A royal-blue taffetas bow of really enormous proportions is the chief feature of the other charming frock, composed of smoke-grey georgette worked with silver thread; and to balance the bow the right-hand side of the dress is enriched with



The handle of this crimson velvet rose pochette is cleverly contrived of the stem and foliage.

a pattern of beads of the same brilliant blue shade.

Unpolished Crocodile.

and purses have been with us for a long time, and though they have not entirely lost favour, they have been supplanted by the novelty of natural crocodile—the un-

Polished crocodile hand-bags



Harvey Nichols have fitted this moiré silk purse bag with everything that could be required, and have given it a marcasite clip.

Artistic "drop" earrings in great variety have their home at Harvey Nichols.

polished skin with the scaly irregularities left on it, which is used for the lovely bag shown on this page. Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, are responsible for it, as well as for the other delightful accessories sketched here, and they have ornamented it with the crocodile's legs—a most entertaining idea. There are any number of charming ostrich-frond and flower-covered bags for the evening in their salons, and the one depicted on the left can be had in many different shades. The same holds good of the silk Dorothy bag with the ribbon ruching and self-coloured flowers, and 6s. 6d. is the modest sum required for it. Then 25s. 6d. obtains the black moiré purse on the left; and for those who prefer envelope-shaped bags there is the steel and black bead affair just below.



A silk evening bag that is available in many colours. Harvey Nichols are responsible for it.

Novelties in Earrings.

Long earrings are more fashionable than ever, and the fortunate woman to whom this form of jewellery is becoming must wend her way to Harvey Nichols if she wishes to secure interesting novelties of this description. There is no restriction of choice, either as regards shape or substance, for they may be of the drop variety, like those on this page, or round or crescent-shaped; and the mediums in which they are available include jade, onyx, crystal, amber and jet. Bracelets to match can be procured in the same metal or stone.



An original purse bag of natural crocodile, which is sojourning at Harvey Nichols.



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P. 202

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MONSIEUR ZERO. By NELLIE TOM-GALLON and CALDER WILSON. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net.)

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for more. Monsieur Zero is the Chief of the Secret Police of the Administration, and these ten tales relate the criminal problems which he has to solve.

STONY GROUND. By LADY MILES. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)

The "stony ground" of Lady Miles's story is the heart—or rather, heartlessness—of a woman conventionally

virtuous and coldly unsympathetic. The motive is to show that such a character can do more harm than any vice. As a foil to the "virtuous vampire" there is a charmingly human sister.

STORIES OF LOVE AND LAUGHTER. By MURIEL HINE. (The Bodley Head; 3s. 6d. net.)

Miss Hine, who has eleven novels to her credit, provides in her new book an entertaining collection of short stories written in a vein of light dialogue. Such titles as "The High Gods and Oysters," and "Walking Out with Miranda" suggest the keynote. The book is dedicated to Lady (George) Alexander.

MIDWINTER. By JOHN BUCHAN. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net.)

The seeming-actual discovery of an ancient document has often provided a novelist with the framework of a story. To a writer distinguished both in history and romance, like Colonel Buchan, the method is peculiarly appropriate. The manuscript from which he weaves his story is found in Lincoln's Inn, and concerns an unrecorded incident in the life of Dr. Johnson. The scene ranges from the Cotswolds to beyond Tweed.

SUMMERTIME. By DENIS MACKAIL. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d. net.)

If "Midwinter" comes, can "Summertime" be far behind! Mr. Mackail's genial story concerns two London girls who do not know their own minds, and send their lovers packing to forget their troubles in Brittany. The scene is laid for the most part in Chelsea and the West End, and the author has sought to extract the charm of London in the summer.

THE SLEEPER BY MOONLIGHT. By K. BALBERNIE. (Constable; 6s. net.)

The moon, like the sun, shines on the just and the unjust; it "shines for happy lovers," and also for the unhappy. In this book it looks on the latter kind, for the story tells of a passionate woman's unfortunate marriage and the troubles to which it led.

THE MINE WITH THE IRON DOOR. By HAROLD BELL WRIGHT. (Appleton; 7s. 6d. net.)

Here we have the thrilling adventures of gold-seekers in their quest for a lost mine, mingled with the romance of a beautiful girl of the mining camp as to whose parentage there is a mystery. The tale begins among the mountains of Arizona.

PIERROT OF THE WORLD. By STELLA CALLAGHAN. (Mills and Boon; 7s. 6d. net.)

This story is a curious blend of fantasy, fun and satire, in which the world of fancy-dress and the world of reality are cleverly interwoven. The final comment is left to the Poet, who says: "I think that the whole thing is moonshine from start to finish." It is amusing moonshine, for all that.

ROSAMUND. By LORD GORELL. (Murray; 7s. 6d. net.)

The former Under-Secretary for Air has added another to the growing list of his works, which already comprises three novels, three volumes of poems, and two other books, on Africa and Army education. His new novel is, in his own words, "the history of certain contemporary lives," whose fortunes towards the end are affected by the outbreak of the Great War. The heroine has a literary father and marries a literary husband.

ROSALIND CLAIRE. By A. MACLEAN. (Hurst and Blackett; 7s. 6d. net.)

Rosalind Claire is a dream figure who inspires the heroine of the story, which tells of her adventures in London in fulfilment of her grandfather's dying instructions. These adventures, as might be expected, include affairs of the heart, concerned with two rival suitors.



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RADIO NOTES.

WHEN Sir Ernest Rutherford delivered his inaugural address as President of the British Association his words were listened to by the greatest audience of any speaker hitherto. The President spoke in Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool, and by means of radio-telephony his statements were broadcast simultaneously to many thousands of homes in all parts of the land. Owners of modest crystal sets in distant London, Glasgow, Cardiff, and elsewhere were able to hear every word; whilst in numerous homes valve sets with loud speakers rendered the speech as though uttered close to the listeners.

During the whole time that the Liverpool audience were hearing the lecture direct, the speaker's voice affected a microphone placed in front of the lecturer, and connected by ordinary telephone wires to the Manchester and London Broadcasting Stations. At Manchester the telephone currents were converted into radio waves and broadcast over the local area. The same was done at the London station; and, in addition, the latter was joined by other telephone wires with Glasgow, Newcastle, Birmingham, and Cardiff stations, whence the speech was broadcast simultaneously. The electrical effect of the speech travelled so rapidly that listeners in all parts of the country heard the words whilst being spoken. It is

interesting to record that those who listened by radio reception heard the address actually a fraction of a second earlier than those of Sir Ernest's Liverpool audience seated at the back of the hall. This is accounted for by the fact that radio-waves travel with considerably greater speed than do sound-waves. The broadcasting stations were connected together by a network of 1063 miles of telephone wire; and by this combination of

wired telephony and radio-telephony the speech was heard with exceptional clarity in every county and many places on the Continent.

On Monday evening, Oct. 1, and subsequent Mondays, the entire programme of "2LO," London, will be broadcast from London, Glasgow, Newcastle, Manchester, Birmingham, and Cardiff simultaneously, enabling crystal sets in the provincial areas to receive the London programme as clearly as the respective local stations are received ordinarily.

On Oct. 2 everyone with a broadcast receiver will be able to listen to speeches by the Duke of Connaught and by General Smuts from "2LO," London, and radiated simultaneously from the other stations.

To obtain the best results from receiving-sets certain parts should be kept clean. For example, in the case of a crystal set tuned by a sliding knob which rubs on a cylinder wound with wire, the bared part of the wire should be cleaned once a week with fine emery-cloth, and any dust removed from between each turn of wire by brushing. The brass rail which carries the sliding knob should be cleaned with emery-cloth also. If the detector is not enclosed in a glass cover the mineral is apt to lose its sensitiveness; but this can be restored by stabbing its surface lightly with the point of a penknife or a strong needle. The end of the "cat-whisker," or wire which makes contact with the crystal, should be scraped or cut to a fine point. Aerial and earth wires should periodically be scraped bright where they fasten to the terminals.

In regard to valve receiving-sets, the chief parts to keep clean are the ends of wires where they join terminals on the receiver, and more particularly so at the other ends connected to the accumulator and dry battery. Crackling noises heard in the telephones or loud speaker may be caused by corroded ends of wires. If the earth connection is made to the water-supply pipe, the joint

should be examined occasionally and cleaned, to ensure that the earth wire and water pipe are in good metallic contact.

As every valve-set owner knows, the greatest care must be taken of valves, more especially in

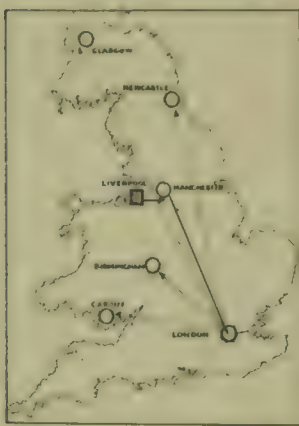


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE SIX BROADCASTING CENTRES IN GREAT BRITAIN, EACH INTER-CONNECTED BY TELEPHONE WIRES WHICH ENABLED LISTENERS IN ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY TO HEAR BY RADIO-TELEPHONY SIR ERNEST RUTHERFORD'S SPEECH FROM LIVERPOOL.



BROADCASTS AND BOOKS: RADIO IN A PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The Free Libraries Committee at Shoreditch have installed a broadcast receiver in the Children's Lecture Hall, where the concerts are enjoyed by many young people every day.—[Photo, Barratt.]

regard to the filament, which will burn out if too much voltage is applied by accident. Most experimenters have caused at least one valve to become useless by connecting the filament to the "plate" or dry battery of thirty volts or more, instead of to the accumulator of four or six volts.

A new British valve containing two separate filaments has just been placed on the market, and the second filament may be brought into action if the first is destroyed by accident.

It may be news to some that a loud speaker will work quite as well in any other room, some distance from the receiving-set, either on the same floor or up or down stairs. It is only necessary to run two insulated wires—as used for electric house-bells—from the receiver to the room in which it is desired to place the loud speaker.

By running wires in the same way to a bedroom an invalid with head-phones can listen to broadcast entertainment heard at the same time by other members of a family in another part of the house.

W. H. S.

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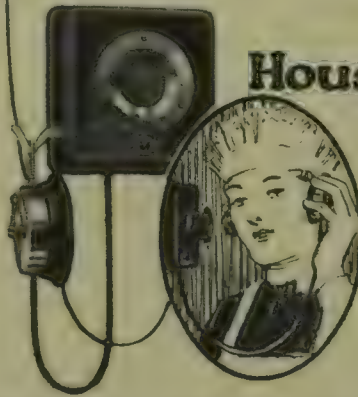
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24 SOLID SILVER MATCH BOXES

Also 48 Boxes of 100 "De Reszke" Cigarettes as consolation prizes.

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(2) Enclose with your entry two box lids or cartons: one of "De Reszke" Virginia (American) and one of "De Reszke" Turkish (Tenor, Soprano or Basso).

(3) Head your reasons with your name and address.

(4) Post to "Competition Department 9," J. MILLHOFF & Co. Ltd., 86 Piccadilly, London, W.1 to arrive not later than October 31st, 1923 (from Overseas not later than November 15th).

(5) The decision of J. Millhoff & Co. Ltd. must be accepted as final and no correspondence can be entered into.

(6) Prize Winners will be announced in "The Times" personal column on December 1st, 1923.

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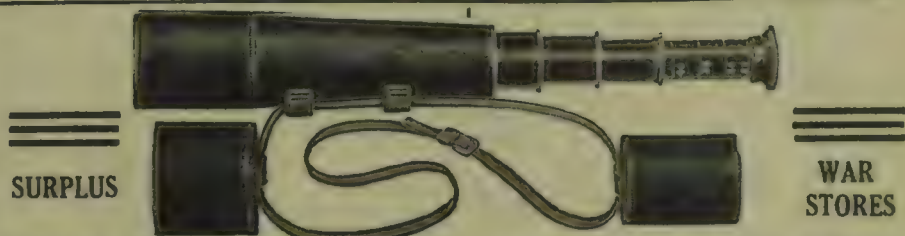
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Eliminating Road Dangers.

The daily Press campaign against the dangers of the highways seems to have caused the professional writer of letters to the editor even more searching of his imagination than is the case with the more ordinary

of thirteen or fourteen could answer such a list of questions "on their heads." They are keen students of motor mechanics, and can tell even the expert all about a dozen or more makes of cars. They obtain and devour every motor-car catalogue they can lay their hands upon, and they thus acquire a knowledge of the subject which is veritably encyclopædic. Yet we are asked to believe that the setting of a written examination paper for solution by the applicant for a driving license is going to make the roads safer!

The examination idea is useless, for reasons I have often set forth in these notes, and I therefore do not propose to labour the point now. What is required to make the roads

ought to be; and it will not be until everybody realises that he has a responsibility to his fellow-users of the highways that the tale of road accidents will show a decreasing tendency. If those conducting the anti-motoring campaign would take the trouble to tabulate the causes of reported accidents, I believe they would take a different line. It can, for example, hardly be argued that coroners and their juries are prejudiced in favour of the motorist. Yet in 90 per cent. of the reported cases of fatal accidents in which motor vehicles are concerned, we find that the driver is exonerated from all blame. Surely, this must infer that the burden of recklessness, if any, is on the other side; and it is a further safe presumption that if the other party had shown a proper sense of road responsibility there need have been no accident. Of course, there are accidents which can only be described under the heading of inevitable. There must always be; but I imagine that these would certainly not be more than 10 per cent. of the whole. W. W.



HUMBER SUCCESSES IN THE A.C.U. SIX DAYS' TRIAL: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) MESSRS. W. NEWSOME, S. WRIGHT, AND L. CRISP.

These highly successful Humber riders, with their 2½-h.p. Humber motor-cycles, each secured a gold medal in the Auto-Cycle Union Six Days' Trial, and, as a team, scored the highest possible achievement by winning in Class B. on an aggregate total of 485.6 marks.

topics of discussion. Some of the remedies suggested are approaching the grotesque. One such correspondent gravely opines that there is only one way in which accidents can be eliminated, and that is by compelling the applicant for a driving license to produce a certificate of medical fitness to drive. If the writer stopped there, it might be conceded that there is something in this, though it is quite an arguable proposition as to where fitness ends and unfitness begins; but he goes farther, and thinks that every such candidate should be given a series of written questions to answer. Is he familiar with the police traffic signals? Then describe them in detail. Is he familiar with the mechanism and controls of his car? If so, then describe the working of the carburetter, the gears, and all the rest. Really, for absolute futility this would be hard to beat. Most schoolboys

safer is a better education of all classes of highway-users in their duty to each other. It is no use starting at one end only, by blaming a single class for all the accidents that happen on the roads. Every experienced road-user knows that, admitting that there is more dangerous driving of motor vehicles than is excusable, this is only one contributory factor. There is far too much dangerous horse-driving, cycling, and even walking than there



LINCOLN OLD AND NEW: A RUSTON-HORNSBY CAR PASSING THROUGH THE NEWPORT ARCH BUILT BY THE ROMANS.

Motorists passing through the ancient city of Lincoln should not fail to see the Newport Arch, which formed the north entrance to the Roman station. There is no direct evidence as to the precise date of its erection; some authorities assign A.D. 45; while others place it 70 years later. Stukeley writes of this work (1724) as "the noblest remnant of this sort in Britain, as far as I know." Lincoln to-day is, of course, the home of the Ruston-Hornsbey car, an example of which is seen passing through the arch.



The Advance Party

Has it ever occurred to the great army of holiday-makers who use the road that an Advance Party has prepared the way for them? In the van is the "BP" Distributing Organisation which enables you to obtain everywhere the

famous khaki can. If you prefer the more up-to-date and expeditious method, you are sure to find a Bowser Pump near at hand ready to give you the same "Best Possible" Motor Spirit that you find in the khaki can.

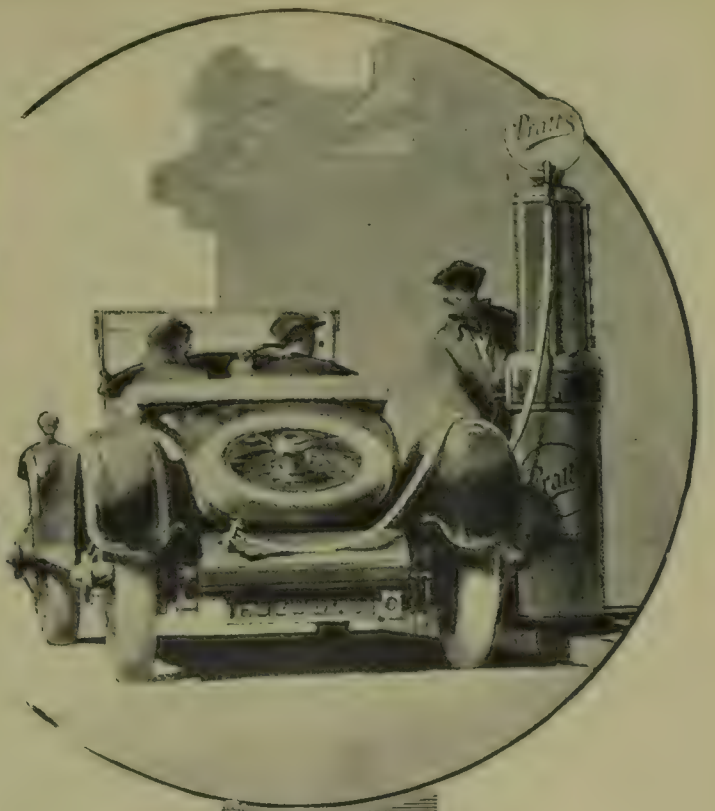
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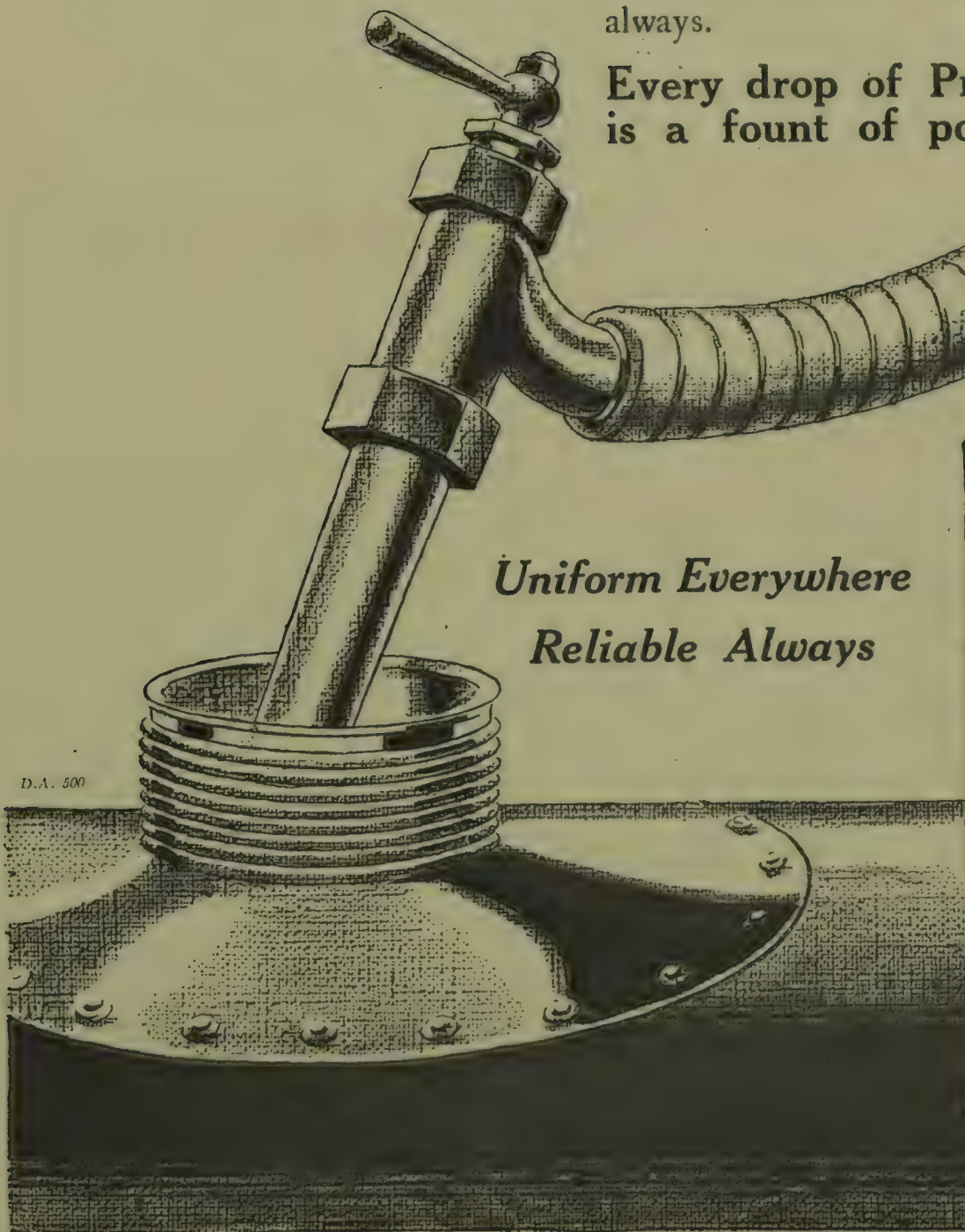
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"OUR BETTERS," AT THE GLOBE.

ITS admirers call "Our Betters" a comedy of manners, likening its author, Mr. Somerset Maugham, to Congreve, and certainly its continuous crackle of wit and epigram, its heartless artificiality, its atmosphere of vicious irresponsibility and shamelessness, have their parallels in Restoration and post-Restoration comedy. Certainly, also, if to show style at all times and to lavish brilliant stage-craft on the most unpleasant material is enough to stamp their exhibitor as of the lineage of Congreve, then this play, the sole purpose of which, apart from laughter-making, appears to be to point the very obvious lesson that American women who marry European titles and let themselves be married for money are playing with fire, may be held to be a picture of manners, so long as it is understood that the manners are rather bad, and that the morals are those of the stable. What one misses, however, in Mr. Maugham's gallery of "fast set" portraits—"kept" man, "kept" woman; financier who is content to spend thousands on seeing his mistress wear fine frocks and cut a dash in the world of fashion; idiotic sentimentalist who wears out the lover to whom she doles out money, by too zealous demands on his affection; *et hoc genus*—is any resemblance to genuine human nature, any such glowing figure as that of a Millamant with her triumphant gaiety of heart. His Lady George Grayston, a hostess who leaves her lover and guests playing at cards, only to be caught locked up in a summer-house with another woman's gallant, is made as brazen and callous, as nimble-witted and victorious against odds, as any Restoration coquette; but there is too cold a glitter about her; she is too stupidly wanton in her philandering to win even a Charles Lamb's indulgence. And a streak of vulgarity runs through her: does not she say before a roomful of people to the man with whom she has

compromised herself, "I told you it was too risky, you d—d fool"? One can admire, then, Mr. Maugham's amazing and amusing cleverness, but one can wish him in better and more human company. He could hardly have better acting at his call. Miss Marion Terry is in the cast. Miss Constance Collier gets glorious fun out of the spooning Duchess's cat-

Alice Mosley is an *ingénue* with poignant moments. Mr. Alfred Drayton's "strong" man who is really putty could not be improved upon; and Mr. Reginald Owen's sponging invertebrate is piquancy itself.

PAVLOVA'S REAPPEARANCE AT COVENT GARDEN.

Some rather unkind things have been said about the programme in which Mme. Anna Pavlova has made her London *reentrée* at Covent Garden (her Oriental turns on Japanese Relief Fund night were a different affair), and they were not untrue. She has no such producers and designers at her back as Fokine and Massine. She has to fight against the rivalry and the memories of the Diaghileff traditions. Not only the settings, but also the music of the ballets she offers fall below the standard to which Londoners are now accustomed. One of her pieces, "The Fairy Doll," directly challenges comparisons with "La Boutique Fantastique," and cannot hold a candle to it. Perhaps, too, Mme. Pavlova herself shines more as soloist than as ballerina working with a *corps de ballet*. But when one has said all these things, and said them with justice, they do not really matter in presence of such art and such a radiant personality as Pavlova's. The point that matters is that she is just as much a genius—a genius that takes pains—just as unique and bird-like a dancer as ever, just as enchanting in things like the "Swan" and the "Bacchanale" as she was years ago—can it be twenty?—when we all went mad over her at the Palace. It is for these exquisite moments that her devotees watch and wait; they will not be disappointed.



THE DUCHESS OF YORK INSPECTING GIRL GUIDES AT FORFAR: A CEREMONY IN CONNECTION WITH THE DUKE'S RECEIVING THE FREEDOM OF THAT ROYAL BURGH.

The Duke of York and his father-in-law, the Earl of Strathmore, were presented with the freedom of the Royal Burgh of Forfar, the neighbouring town to the Earl's seat, Glamis Castle, on September 15. A Guard of Honour of Girl Guides was inspected by the Duchess, who is herself an officer of that body. She is seen on the left, attended by Wing-Commander Louis Greig.—[Photograph by C.N.]

and-mouse passages with her faithless swain. Miss Margaret Bannerman shows a surprisingly mature sense of comedy in the taxing part of Lady George. Mr. Stuart Sage's American boy is just right. Miss

Melbourne Bruce, M.C., on the occasion of their receiving the Freedom of the City of London, has been entrusted to the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., 112, Regent Street, London, W.1.



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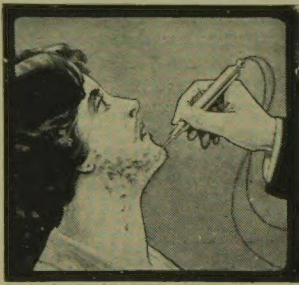
HOW TO KILL AND PERMANENTLY DISSOLVE OUT ROOTS AND ALL.

Reader explains how to prepare and use at home the simple new absorption process by which she avoided danger and pain of the cruel electric needle. Why prescriptions, appliances, acids, lotions, and similar remedies should be avoided.

To readers of "The Illustrated London News."

At a medical conference held in Paris recently numerous eminent physicians cited cases which prove beyond doubt that, since the discovery of a new and simple absorption process, superfluous hair has become as unnecessary as it is repulsive. It was also explained how electrical processes always stimulate hair growth, how pulling with tweezers, and how acids, caustic pastes, and other worthless remedies affect surface hair, which soon grows again.

Then the distinguished physicians told how anyone can now prepare and use at home a simple liquid which immediately



A reader kindly tells in this Article how she killed the roots of her superfluous hair by a simple home absorption process, after the electric needle, acids, pastes, etc., had all failed.

will quickly prove; but the liquid must not be allowed to touch desirable hair, as I know of no way to restore life to roots thus destroyed.

When I see daily so many women with perfect features who would be radiantly beautiful were it not for hideous growths of ugly hair upon lips and chin, I always wish I could tell them how easily they could recover their natural heritage of delicate feminine charm and attractiveness.

I shall, therefore, be only too happy to send literature in regard to the preparation and use of the marvellous liquid explained at the conference, which it was my privilege to attend. If any woman reader of *The Illustrated London News* cares to send me her name and address, plainly written, together with a three-half-penny stamp for return postage, I shall be pleased to send, in plain sealed envelope, full particulars, without charge of any kind, so women readers can use the new process in the strict privacy of their own boudoirs. Have correspondence brief as possible, and do not write to thank me after hair is destroyed, as my time is greatly limited. I can agree to answer but one person in each family, and correspondence will be considered strictly confidential.

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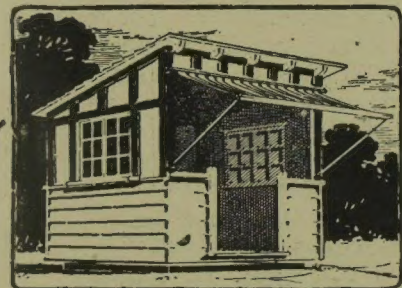
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This is a delightful outdoor rest room, giving the fullest enjoyment of pure fresh air with adequate weather shelter. And it is built on a revolving base, so you may turn it to face which way you will to meet sunshine or breeze. An ideal health-promoting open-air room that will give years of service. Prices from £16 10s. to £40.

Write for Catalogue No. 83, illustrating the above, also Motor Houses, Portable Buildings, etc. For Catalogue of Bungalows, ask for No. 104, also List of "Collabunga," our world-famed cottage home.

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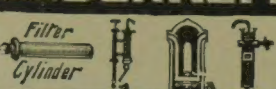
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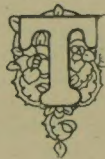


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Happy Summer Days.



HE frequent variations in the weather make but little difference to the normally healthy child of sound constitution—Nature quickly adjusts itself to these sudden climatic changes. It is during early infancy that the foundations of such a constitution are laid, and so much depends upon the choice of a food that will adequately replace baby's natural dietary—maternal milk. The

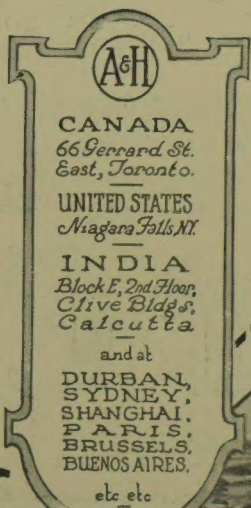
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is modelled on Nature, and provides a carefully graduated series of foods adapted to the growing digestive capacity of the child. Made from the pure milk of selected pedigree cows pastured in the Home Counties, the 'Allenburys' Foods are manufactured by processes that ensure absolute food purity.

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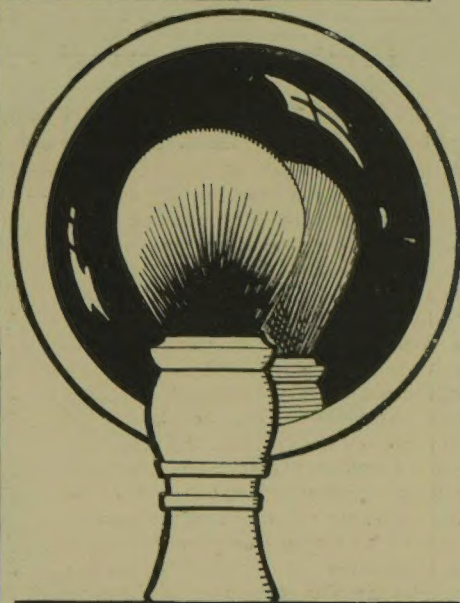
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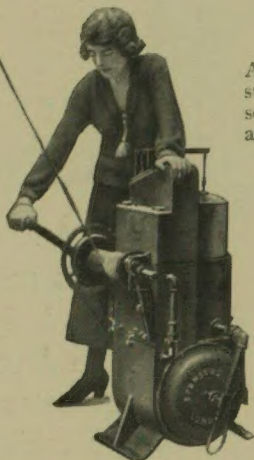
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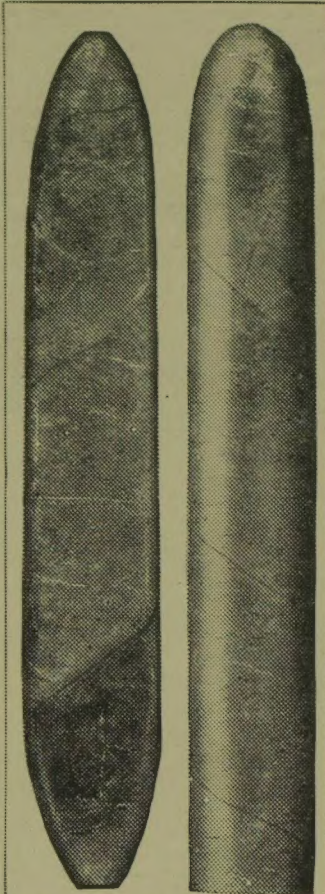


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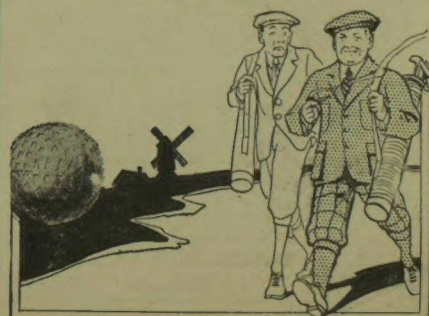
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